SULLIVAN & HIS OPERAS

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND HIS OPERAS

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND HIS OPERAS

BY

B. W. FINDON

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DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY AUNT

MARY CLEMENTINA SULLIVAN

1811-1882

PREFACE

In this book I have tried to give as just a view of Sullivan's life and work as it is possible for one who loved him as a kinsman and appreciated his sterling qualities as a friend and composer.

Many of these pages reflect the spirit of numerous conversations, and his opinions on matters which he would not openly discuss in his lifetime. My chief aim has been to produce a handy little volume which shall be useful alike to the student and the musical amateur.

I have to acknowledge—with many expressions of thankfulness—my obligations to Mr Arthur Lawrence for his kind permission to make such extracts as I deemed desirable from his "Life of Sullivan," and to Sir Alexander Mackenzie for various useful suggestions from his Lectures on Sullivan delivered at the Royal Institution.

B. W. FINDON.

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SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN AND HIS OPERAS

CHAPTER I

THE GENTLE LIFE

AMONG the composers of the Victorian era there is none who has achieved more widespread popularity, or is more genuinely entitled to respectful notice than Arthur Seymour Sullivan. Distinguished alike for a refined and spontaneous melodic gift and a complete mastery of the technical resources of his art, he has left behind him a number of strongly contrasted works which sufficiently indicate the versatility of his talent and the catholicity of his mind.

Sullivan appears to have been singled out by fortune for the great position he was eventually to occupy. By nature he

was endowed with a sensitive musical organism; his infancy was passed in an atmosphere that was saturated with musical sound; his youth was lived amid associations which were specially inclined to favour his bent; and he came before the world at a time when English music was at the lowest ebb. His course lay clear before him, and, apart from the first few years of early manhood, his career was one of uninterrupted prosperity.

We have not to note any of those stormy vicissitudes which dogged the footsteps of Mozart, and drove to the verge of distraction the impetuous Berlioz. We have not to linger regretfully over days of neglect, as in the case of Schubert, or sorrowfully recall to mind the misunderstanding which embittered the greater part of Wagner's career. Even as he was in his art, so Sullivan was in himself. He inspired in all who

came into contact with him or his work a spirit of tranquil happiness, and an exquisite appreciation of the joy of living.

To follow in the wake of such a life is a pleasant task for both the biographer and the reader, although to neither does it afford that psychological interest which is provided by those great artists who have fought their way upward through successive periods of storm and stress. It is a very difficult task to interpret the general voice of an age, even when the object concerned is removed by the lapse of years from those who would judge him, and still more difficult is it to pronounce a definite verdict on a man when the wreaths that were laid on his tomb have barely had time to wither and decay. But sufficient time has elapsed to enable us to take a fairly dispassionate view of Sullivan's work, and to put forward a tolerably accurate narrative of his life and artistic achievement.

We are not justified as yet in placing him among that select number who belong to men for all time; to endow him with the reputation of a classic, or to say with any degree of certainty from what standpoint he will be regarded by posterity. It may be that generations to come will grant him a niche by the side of Purcell's in the great Temple of National Fame, and that the musical historians of the future will realise the serious aspect of his varied art more fully and accurately than many of his contemporary critics.

The miniature beauties of the Isle of Wight represent Nature's workmanship as truly as the rugged grandeur of the mountain which tops the clouds, and the delicate perfection of Sullivan's light operas is in its way as worthy of admiration as the complex instrumentation of a Wagner music drama.

We may not be able to read into

his music the emotional meaning which zealous enthusiasts see in such vivid colours in the tone poems of Richard Strauss. We may hesitate to include him among the instructors of mankind, or to class him with those hardy pioneers who fought their way through the Cimmerian gloom of ignorance and prejudice to the Elysian fields of progress and new achievement; but in his art we recognise an original personality, a something racy of the soil, which we believe will keep him high above the oblivion that overtakes the mass of mankind.

Therefore, we do not propose in these pages to take upon ourselves the invidious task of attempting to give a formal and final estimate of Sullivan's work. Sufficient will it be for us if we place in the hands of the reader a succinct and clear narrative of his life so far as it affected his art; satisfy a natural

curiosity concerning the character of the man, and do something towards assisting the world to appreciate him and his music.

CHAPTER II

BIRTH AND TRAINING

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN was born on May 13, 1842, in an unpretentious two-storied house, No. 8, Boswell Terrace, a small thoroughfare near Lambeth Walk, on the Surrey side of the river Thames. At that time his father, Thomas Sullivan, was engaged as first clarinettist in the orchestra at the Surrey Theatre, and was adding to his slender earnings by teaching and copying music.

As in the case of so many men who have made their mark in literature and art, Sullivan came of an Irish stock which had its social equivalent in the old yeomanry of England. His grandfather

was a native of Kerry, and his grandmother (whose maiden name was also Sullivan) was born in Bandon, in the adjoining county of Cork. Wedded to the soil, as the Southern Irish were in those days, it is possible they would have lived and died in the land of their birth but for an untoward incident.

One night during the stormy times of the Peninsular War, young Sullivan was drinking his country's cause with more enthusiasm than discretion in the company of an eloquent recruiting sergeant. In the morning he had the doleful news to communicate to his wife that he had accepted the King's shilling, and was included among a batch of recruits intended to strengthen the army in Spain. He took part in the great battles of the Peninsular campaign, and when Napoleon was finally crushed, Sullivan was drafted to St Helena to assist in guarding the Man of Destiny. On his return

to England he became a pensioner in Chelsea Hospital, where his wife acted as nurse, and in due course he died, and was interred in the College Burial Ground. His age was sixty-one, and it is a curious coincidence that his son Thomas (Arthur's father) died at the same age.

When his father and mother went to St Helena, Thomas Sullivan was admitted to the Duke of York's School, where his aptitude for music won him the good opinion of the bandmaster, who soon interested himself in the boy's musical education. From Chelsea he went to the Military College at Sandhurst, where he developed exceptional powers as a teacher, and was eventually appointed bandmaster. It was here that he met Mary Clementina Coghlan, a young lady descended on the mother's side from an Italian family of the name of Righi. She had been educated in a Catholic convent at Hampstead, and was

assisting her parents by keeping a school for young ladies at Blackwater. Thomas Sullivan resigned his appointment at Sandhurst after their marriage, and came to London in the hope of improving his position, but three years after the birth of Arthur he returned to Sandhurst, and remained there until he accepted a professorship at Kneller Hall in 1857.

Nothing could have been more fortunate for a boy of Arthur Sullivan's temperament than the environment in which he moved during the early years of childhood. His precocious talent quickly made itself apparent, and his presence in the band-room during rehearsals was encouraged by his father and the players. With extraordinary facility he mastered the rudimentary principles of the various instruments, many of which he learned to play, and at eight years of age he had a practical knowledge of military music.

While he was thus being initiated in the technicalities of music, his general education was carefully looked after by his devoted mother. But Thomas Sullivan had no wish to force unduly his son's talent, and thought it better for his future that he should be removed from the dominating influence of music. Accordingly, Arthur was sent to a private boarding-school at Bayswater, where he remained until he was nearly twelve years of age.

But the ruling passion was too strong in the boy to be kept under, and, following an introduction to Sir George Smart, he was sent to the Rev Thomas Helmore, who was responsible for the training of the Chapel Royal boys, with the result that, on the Tuesday in Holy Week, 1854, he became a chorister at the Chapel Royal, St James's, where the sweetness of his voice and his keen intelligence soon assured him a prominent

position. Sullivan devoted himself to study with genuine ardour, although lending himself freely to the lighter side of school life, and sharing fully in the amusements of the playroom. He has put on record a few of his impressions of the period :—

"When I had composed my anthem I showed it to Sir George Smart, who told me it did me great credit, and also told me to get the parts copied out, and he would see what he could do with it. So I copied them out, and he desired the sub-dean to have it sung, and it *was* sung. The dean* was there in the evening, and he called me up to him in the vestry, and said it was very clever, and perhaps I should be writing an oratorio some day. But he said there was something higher to attend to, and then Mr Helmore told him that I was a very good boy indeed. Whereupon he shook hands

* This was Dean Bloomfield.

with me, and gave me half a sovereign —which was very satisfactory, and the first money earned by composition.

"I always recall my old master, the Rev Thomas Helmore, with affection and respect. I was greatly influenced by his great idea of relying upon the boy's sense of honour, and he certainly did make us very conscientious in the performance of our work. We had to practise the music for the Chapel Royal service every Saturday morning for the following day. He would say to us, 'Now, boys, if you get the music thoroughly well done, you may go as soon as you like. There will be no need for you to stay in during the afternoon.' I directed the practice of the music, whilst my schoolfellow, Alfred Cellier, played the accompaniments. It was, I think, something to our credit, and to the credit of Helmore's manner of dealing with us, that, with the temptation of an

afternoon's holiday in front of us, we never scamped anything, and on more than one occasion we stayed on well into the late afternoon in order to get the music correct. Nor did we have any assistance of any kind. Helmore relied upon Cellier and myself.

"Helmore was enthusiastic for the revival of old Church music, and was at the head of the movement for the use of Gregorian music in the Church. He published two works, which are of permanent value, the 'Hymnal Noted' and a Psalter, both of which are really monuments of research. The words are mostly translations by the Rev J. M. Neale, the great hymnologist. I assisted in the work a good deal in harmonising tunes during the time that I was a chorister there. The knowledge and experience I gained in this way in regard to hymn tunes assisted me materially in making my big collection of hymn tunes for the

Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, entitled 'Church Hymns,' and for this collection I wrote a great many tunes."

An instance of Sullivan's precocious talent is worth quoting. After having been a year at the Chapel Royal, he was sent to Oxford to sing the soprano solo in Sir Frederick Ouseley's "The Martyrdom of St Polycarp," which Sir Frederick had written as his exercise for the degree of Doctor of Music. On returning home he was enthusiastic in his praise of the work, and of one march in particular, which he wanted his father to get for the band. But there was an obstacle to this, as the cantata was not published. Nothing discouraged, the young enthusiast sat himself down, and plodding away at his task the whole day through, wrote out the march from memory for full military band, to the great delight of his father, who quickly had it performed.

It was after Arthur Sullivan had been two years at the Chapel Royal that a scheme which had been in course of development for some years reached the stage when it was considered ripe for a practical experiment. The admiration the musical public of the period had for Mendelssohn resolved itself into a plan for honouring his memory by founding a scholarship which should bear his name.

The Mendelssohn Scholarship was offered for competition in 1856, but one of the conditions laid down was that no student under fourteen years of age should be allowed to compete. It was decided to hold the examination in the middle of June, and that saved the situation for Sullivan by some five or six weeks, as his fourteenth birthday was on May 13th. After due deliberation, it was decided that he should be allowed to try his luck, and on the last day of the examination the choice lay between

Arthur Sullivan and Joseph Barnby, the youngest and oldest of the seventeen competitors. With anxious palpitating hearts they were sent to their respective homes to prepare themselves for a further examination on the morrow. The morrow came, and with it the strenuous ordeal of intellectual combat. Neither of the boys had rich relatives who could take upon themselves the burden of an expensive education, and each must have seen in the cherished prize the means of pursuing his studies under the most favourable conditions. In the end the coveted scholarship was awarded to Sullivan, and so was laid the solid foundation of his future distinction. Referring to his Academy days, where his masters were Sterndale Bennett and Arthur O'Leary for the pianoforte, and John Goss for harmony and composition, he says :—

"The instruction at the Royal Academy

of Music was, perhaps, somewhat desultory. . . . . I remember how we would wait there for Sterndale Bennett from five o'clock until seven in the evening, until the message would come to ask us to kindly go up to his house in Russell Place ; and then, although he was weary from teaching all day, he would give us some interesting lessons, telling us his experience of, and intercourse with various great composers. His wife was a most charming woman, and when I was there late she invariably made me stay to supper with him. I must say that I enjoyed these evenings immensely. There was something very instructing and fascinating about Bennett's personality. He was, however, bitterly prejudiced against the new school, as he called it. He would not have a note of Schumann ; and as for Wagner, he was outside the pale of criticism. Cipriani Potter was converted, and became a

blind worshipper of Schumann, but all my efforts with Sterndale Bennett were ineffectual. My master for harmony and compostion, Sir John Goss, was more eclectic in his taste, and more open to conviction. I am eternally grateful to him; he had a wonderful gift for part-writing, and whatever facility I possess in this respect I owe entirely to his teaching and influence."

An interesting side-light is thrown on Sullivan's character by a fellow-student:—

"My chief companion in the Academy was Arthur Sullivan, now the famous operatic composer. Six years my junior, he came fresh from the Chapel Royal, as merry and as mischievous a boy as can well be imagined. Although a huge favourite among the students he was a sad thorn in the side of some of the professors, and to none more than Charles Lucas, the director of the Academy

orchestra. It was no unusual thing at the rehearsal to hear at times the most unearthly noise proceed from one instrument and then the other, and the reason therefor was usually summed up in Lucas's exclamation, 'Now, Sullivan, you are at it again,' which might possibly have been further from the truth. Sullivan's mastery over orchestral instruments even then, at fourteen years of age, was marvellous. He played them all with apparent ease. In answer to my inquiry where on earth had he acquired his skill, he replied that from his babyhood he had been a regular attendant at the rehearsals conducted by his father in the band-room of the regiment of which he was bandmaster, and that by constant practice and his father's teaching he had gradually overcome all difficulties in this direction. As a matter of fact, he was one of the most gifted prodigies known to fame, and his facility

in every department was simply stupendous. He could read anything at sight, play from a formidable score, clearly distinguish and declare any and all combinations of sounds, even at the very top of the piano, without seeing the notes struck ; and he accomplished in the line of study in five minutes what others could not succeed in doing in five months. Let me add one word of testimony to his excellent character as a man. Although he and I are now separated by an almost impassable gulf, both socially and musically, he is one of the best friends I have in the world, and amid all the pressure of work, and, I regret to say, under the burden of much sickness, he continues to this day to write me the cheeriest and kindest of letters, letters which are alike a credit to his head and his heart. I happen to know, too, that his goodness of heart and generosity of disposition extended to the whole

brotherhood of musicians, and hundreds of the poorer brethren have good cause to bless the name of Arthur Seymour Sullivan."

As an instance of the development of his critical faculty, a quotation from a letter dated May 20, 1857, has some interest, owing to its very decided expression of opinion :—

"I enjoyed the Philharmonic very much last Monday, all except Rubenstein. He has wonderful strength in the wrists, and particularly so in octave passages, but there is a good deal of claptrap about him. As for his composition, it was a disgrace to the Philharmonic. I never heard such wretched, nonsensical rubbish ; not two bars of melody or harmony together throughout, and yet Mr E. thinks him wonderful."

His duties at the Chapel Royal and studies at the Academy were carried on concurrently ; but a year after gaining

the Mendelssohn Scholarship his voice "broke," and he then devoted himself entirely to his musical studies at the Academy until the time came for him to leave for Leipzig.

It is difficult to refrain from speculating as to the position Sullivan would have attained had he not been successful in this great trial of youth. Joseph Barnby had to pursue the routine intimately associated with the hand-to-mouth existence of a church organist and teacher of music, and ultimately won a knighthood by way of the Royal Choral Society and Guildhall School of Music. Sullivan would have had to face the same monotonous drudgery, and probably have worn himself out with uncongenial work, before impressing men with his talent. Instead of which he returned to England with "The Tempest" music in his portmanteau, and within a year was greeted as a young conqueror.

CHAPTER III

LIFE AT LEIPZIG

SULLIVAN bade farewell to the Royal Academy and its happy associations in the autumn of 1858, and went to Leipzig well provided with letters of introduction. The mere fact, however, that he was the first Mendelssohn Scholar was in itself a matter of interest, and sufficient to secure him a very friendly welcome, although in musical circles there was a certain prejudice against Mendelssohn and his works, even as there is to-day among those who see with only one eye.

At Leipzig Sullivan found himself in a new world of art. Composers practically unknown in this country were

attracting to themselves the ardent admiration of the musical enthusiasts of Germany. The theories of Wagner had made themselves felt in the land ; Schumann was influencing the younger generation as much by his writings as his compositions ; and the genius of Schubert was looming large on the horizon. Such a quick and appreciative mind as Sullivan possessed would instinctively recognise the great gap that had to be bridged between the musical thought he had left behind him and the new phase of art which confronted him at the Conservatorium.

It will be seen in the letters which we reproduce that he quickly identified himself with the spirit of the new movement, and that, unconsciously, he adopted a tone of boyish conceit when speaking of the position and attitude of musical England. But such flights are pardonable in the young, and as a rule are due

to enthusiasm rather than priggishness. There is no doubt that musical thought at Leipzig was much superior to that of London. The heads of our one important teaching institution were insensible to the influences which were making themselves felt on the Continent. For half a century we had stood still. Narrow-mindedness and old-fashioned prejudices dominated the professors of the Academy, and held in bondage cathedral organists. The student moved in fetters, and it was well for young Sullivan that he secured his freedom, and was sent to wander amid the spacious groves of a new Academia. His masters at the Conservatorium were Moscheles and Plaidy for the pianoforte, Hauptmann for counterpoint and fugue (to whose house he frequently went for his lessons, and was given them in the very room where Bach wrote all his great works when in Leipzig), Julius Rietz for composition,

and Ferdinand David for orchestral playing and conducting. Among his fellow-students were John Francis Barnett, Franklin Taylor, Ernest Rudolph, Grieg, Carl Rosa, Dannreuter, and Walter Bache.

Sullivan's life and aspirations during the two years and a half he was at Leipzig are best shown by the letters he wrote home during that period, and from which we quote :—

"I am obliged to work tremendously hard here. No sooner is one master despatched than I rush home to prepare for another. In fact, to tell the truth, the great fault of this institution is that there are too many *lessons*—not enough time given to the student to work at home."

In a letter to his brother he alludes jocularly to his student importance : "I was writing a little piece for the violoncello in honour of your twenty-second birthday, but was obliged to give it up on

account of my important public duties (!) in connection with the Conservatoire festivities. I have been unanimously elected President of our Music Committee. The operetta—one of Reinicke's —is only written for pianoforte accompaniment, and, as that is not strong enough, I am obliged to arrange a great part of it for string instruments, and besides that I have to *conduct* the whole piece. I anticipate great fun at the rehearsals! The dresses have been lent us by the theatre. My orchestra consists of three first violins, two second, one 'cello, and one contrabass, with the grand piano, and perhaps I shall have two or more violins and another 'cello. We have eighteen in the chorus and six solo singers, so I shall have enough to do to keep them all together!"

Writing to his father, he remarks: "I have written a little romance for four-stringed instruments, which I will send

you over to play, if you promise to observe the pianos, fortes, and staccatos in a marked manner, as the thing loses its effect without them."

June 4, 1859.—"I have been here eight months, an immense advantage to me—although it is only now that the improvement is manifesting itself in a marked degree—for of course I had to work back again to this system, besides having to struggle against the difficulties of the language ; for I lost half the benefit of my former lessons through not understanding what was said. . . . You (his father) will be pleased to hear that I have made my first public appearance as a player, as the enclosed programme will show you, though I certainly had not much cause to be nervous, there being four of us playing together. I do not much mind playing in public now, as I have got over my nervousness, and for which I may thank the Abend Unterhaltung.

My quartette was played in the Abend Unterhaltung a fortnight or so ago, and went capitally. I mean it played well. I was congratulated by the director and professors afterwards. They wanted it performed in the Prüfung (public examination), but Mr Rietz would not have it, for reasons which were quite proper; besides, I have no doubt he thought I should become idle after it, as is very often the case with them here.

"This has been a very gay week for Leipzig in consequence of the great Tonküstler-Versammlung, or meeting of musical artists, got up principally by the 'Future Music' people. Through it I have formed the acquaintance of Liszt, who has been the 'lion.' My first introduction to him was last Tuesday, when Mr David gave a grand musical matinée, to which he invited me. Liszt, Von Bülow (Prussian Court pianist) . . . and many other German celebrities,

musical and non-musical, were there. In the evening, when nearly everyone was gone, Liszt, David, Bronsart and I had a quiet game of whist together, and I walked home with Liszt in the evening. . . . . The next evening a grand concert in the theatre, Liszt conducting . . . Liszt is a very amiable man despite his eccentricities, which are many. What a wonderful player he is! Such power, and at the same time such delicacy and lightness."

October 30, 1859.—" My quartette was performed again last Friday in the Abend Unterhaltung. Herr Veit, an amateur of talent and celebrity, having had a symphony performed in the Gewandhaus Concert, honoured us the next evening with his presence in the Conservatorium ; and the directors, wishing him to hear some pupil's composition, selected my quartette. When it was over, Veit called me to him, shook hands with me,

and practically repeated what Spohr said to me: 'So young, and yet so far advanced in art'—('So jung und doch so weit in der Kunst').''

June 5, 1860.—"I enclose you a programme of our last Prüfung. You will doubtless, on looking over it, recognise one of the names. Translated, the thing stands as follows: 'Overture to T. Moore's poem, "The Feast of Roses," from "Lalla Rookh" (E Major), composed by A. S. from London (conducted by the composer).' 'The Feast of Roses' is the German name for 'The Light of the Harem.' It was such fun standing up there and conducting that large orchestra! I can fancy mother saying, 'Bless his little heart! how it must have beaten!' But his little heart did not beat at all. I wasn't in the least nervous, only in one part where the drum *would come* in wrong at the rehearsal, but he did it all right in the

evening. I was called forward three times at the end, and most enthusiastically cheered. I shot the bird, as Mr Schleinitz said—*i.e.*, had the greatest success in the whole Prüfung. The newspapers have also treated me very favourably, much better than I expected; for the overture being written in Mendelssohn style, and there being such a clique against Mendelssohn, I thought they would have treated me roughly. The *Leipzig Journal* says: 'With respect to the compositions, we were gratified at finding in the youthful Sullivan a talent which we may venture to say, by the aid of active and continued perseverance, gives promise of a favourable future. His overture was certainly a little spun out, but nevertheless successful, by the aid of well-selected materials, in mastering the expression of the one definite aim held in view.' *General Anzeiger* says, speaking of the

applause which followed Fisher's 'Quartette': 'Still more was obtained by Herr Sullivan in the second part of the overture, which was conducted by himself, and which, striving towards a new direction, transported us into the Persian plains of Moore's lovely poem, and gives us great hopes for the young composer."

September 1860.—"How shall I thank you sufficiently, my dearest father, for the opportunity you have given me of continuing my studies here. I am indeed very grateful, and will work very hard in order that you may soon see that all your sacrifices (which I know you make) have not been to no purpose, and I will try to make the end of your days happy and comfortable. I had given up all idea of studying longer, and, indeed, was making preparations for my journey home. Therefore the surprise was greater for me."

October 28, 1860.—"The director has exempted me from paying for the Conservatorium during the next six months I am going to stay here. When I got up to thank him for it, he said: 'Oh yes, we will let that be entirely. You are a splendid fellow (parchtiger Kerl) and very useful. We all like you so much that we can't let you go.' Is it not very kind of him?"

October 31, 1860.—"Mother, my great hobby is still conducting. I have been told by many of the masters here that I was born to be a conductor, and consequently have been educating myself to a high degree in that branch of the art. If I can only once obtain an opportunity to show what I can do in that way, I feel confident of my success afterwards. Do not mistake this for conceit . . . but I am getting of an age now when I shall be obliged to have confidence in myself and my own

resources. I often try to think what would have become of me had I never come to Germany. In England there was very little more for me to learn. I had heard and knew well almost all the small stock of music which is ever performed in London (and it is *very* little compared to what one hears here). I should have made very little improvement in pianoforte-playing, whereas now, thanks to Messrs Moscheles and Plaidy I am a tolerably decent player. . . . Besides increasing and maturing my judgment of music, it has taught me how good works ought to be done. They have no idea in England of making the orchestras play with that degree of light and shade to which they have attained here, and that is what I aim at—to bring the English orchestra to the same perfection as the Continental ones, and to even still greater, for the power and tone of ours are much greater than the foreign."

Writing of the English attitude at that time towards new work : " If something does not please them (tickle their ears) the first time they hear it, they throw it aside and will not have anything more to do with it, forgetting that really good music is seldom appreciated by one the first time of hearing, but that it grows on one, and one sees its beauties gradually. Take Beethoven, for instance. His fifth symphony was pooh-poohed and laughed at when it was first tried at the Philharmonic ; Carl M. von Weber said of his eighth (or seventh) that the composer was fit for the madhouse. The Choral Symphony is only just now beginning to be *understood* in England. And yet what do we think of Beethoven now ? Suppose they had cast him aside, as they do Schumann (the most popular German composer), Schubert, Gade, and other less distinguished composers. Look at the programme

for to-morrow night's concert. . . . Fancy seeing Schumann and Wagner in the same programme in England! The time will come yet I hope. . . . . The fact is, I am letting out now all the rage which has been concentrated in me ever since I began reading that wretched *Musical World*. It is my opinion that music as an art in England will go to the devil very soon if some few enthusiastic, practical, and capable sound educated musicians do not take it in hand. I get so savage sometimes when in company here, and talking to great artists who have been to England, at the sneering way in which they talk of 'England's art,' English taste . . . and yet I ought not to be angry with them, for I feel that they are quite right. However, 'Hope and persevere' is my motto."

November 26, 1860.—Writing to his father on various musical matters, more

particularly with regard to military band music, he goes on to say :—" I have given up the Symphony. I have finished the first movement, but did not like it when it was done, for whatever way I turned the second subject, it always sounded like the quintette of Schumann —a piece you do not know, of course, being an Englishman. I cannot understand why the critics, and in consequence musicians themselves, should be so prejudiced against that unfortunate composer. At the very name of Schumann an English musician draws back alarmed, shrugs his shoulders, and mutters a few words about Zukunftsmusik, Weimar, &c., and doubtless with fine judgment will point out the marked difference between Schumann and Handel ! Yet, if you ask that man to tell you conscientiously if he ever heard a note of Schumann's music, he will probably be obliged to answer, No.

"P.S.—Here is a little choice bit. . . . My friend W., happening to be writing to the *Athenæum* newspaper, also thought he might give a little news respecting the Gewandhaus concerts this year. Amongst other things mentioned as being performed was Schumann's music to Lord Byron's 'Manfred,' which, being one of his first works, and acknowledged as great music by all musicians, was commented upon by him in terms of highest praise. They took the article and printed it with the exception of the whole paragraph about Schumann, which the musical editor had cut out! This is a fact from W.'s own mouth. Is it not very paltry?"

At the foot of this letter comes a modest line marked "P.S.—Private. I am writing music to 'The Tempest.'"

February 10, 1861.—"Very much occupied with my 'Tempest,' which does not proceed as quickly as I could

wish. I have already completed two entr'actes, two dances, and a song, besides parts of the melodrama; but it is in the overture I have come to grief, for I cannot get it into form to please me. . . . I am very anxious to know if you will like my music. It is very different to any you have heard. For instance [bar quoted]. But of course, it is not often I go into such extremes as that. At first it may sound rather harsh, but you will soon grow accustomed to it and most probably like it very much."

Arthur writes, April 11, 1861, that his "Tempest" was performed with great success in Leipzig the previous Saturday and that he will be in London on the following Monday or Tuesday.

CHAPTER IV

CAREER IN ENGLAND

SULLIVAN'S last term at the Conservatoire saw him engaged upon the work which was to launch him from the dock of academical life into the swiftly-flowing current of an active professional career. The return of the first Mendelssohn Scholar was naturally a matter of some concern in musical circles. Was the choice to be justified ? What had the prize-winner done with his opportunity ?

The answer was not long in coming. "The Tempest" music, revised and in a more elaborate form, was produced at the famous Crystal Palace Concerts on April 5, 1862. The general impres-

sion after the performance was one of pleased astonishment, and in the first burst of feeling it was regarded as the beginning of a new era in English musical art. The most influential critic of his day, the late H. F. Chorley, wrote: "There has been no such first appearance in England in our time." Heard by the light of present-day knowledge, the work impresses by reason of its freshness and beauty, and it is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm it occasioned in 1862. Its repetition on the following Saturday, when it attracted a very large and representative audience, which included Charles Dickens, confirmed the good impression of the week before. Sullivan forthwith became a personality in the musical world.

The most characteristic features of "The Tempest" are those which prevail in all his writings, and no one would mistake the shipwreck music of the third

act, or the prelude to Act V, for the work of another hand. Most compositions by youthful composers are more remarkable for the promise they give of future achievement than for perfect workmanship or mature invention ; but in "The Tempest" there are no signs of inexperience or crudity, and, by the light of the criticism of the day, it was justly regarded as a minor masterpiece.

Sullivan was now confronted with the problem which has faced so many young composers when standing on the threshold of life. He had to live, and how should he make his living ? The times were not very encouraging to one who would pursue the higher form of art. He had no independent income, and, we may assume, no desire to live a life of self-abnegation and comparative penury in order to produce symphonic masterpieces for the possible appreciation of another generation. He knew full well

the drudgery of teaching meant death to his creative powers, and how, then, was he to turn his talent to good purpose and serve art and himself as well? He was prepared and willing to undertake commissions for any class of composition, and the first to hand, and easiest, was song-writing.

As he himself said: "I was ready to undertake anything that came in my way. Symphonies, overtures, ballets, anthems, hymn-tunes, songs, part-songs, a concerto for the violoncello, and eventually comic and light operas—nothing came amiss to me, and I gladly accepted what the publishers offered me, so long as I could get the things published. I composed six Shakespearian songs for Messrs Metzler & Co., and got five guineas a-piece for them. 'Orpheus with his Lute,' 'The Willow Song,' 'O Mistress Mine,' were amongst them, the first having been since then a steady

income to the publisher. Then I did 'If Doughty Deeds' and 'A Weary Lot is thine, Fair Maid,' for Messrs Chappell."

It was a case of "pot-boiling," but his mind was too fresh and his nature too sincere to permit him to put forth the rubbish which passed muster in the drawing-rooms. The success of his vocal pieces soon enabled him to assume a more independent attitude towards the publishers, and with Messrs Boosey he arranged for the publication of his works on the more satisfactory basis of the royalty system.

Another modest source of income was derived from that sheet anchor to all musicians, a church organist's position, and for several years he held the post at St Michael's, Chester Square, and also at St Peter's, Cranley Gardens. More important in its ultimate results, however, was his appointment as organist at Covent Garden Opera House, which gave

him free access to the stage and auditortum, and so provided him with the opporiunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of the stage, to which already his aspirations were directed. His attendance at rehearsals gave him an insight into its technique, and he learned a still more valuable lesson by the production of the ballet "L'Ile Enchantée." His duties at the Opera were not very laborious, but they carried with them a fair share of responsibility, as one may gather from the following anecdote :—

In the midst of the Church scene in "Faust," the wire connecting the pedal under Costa's foot with the metronome stick at the organ broke. Costa was the conductor. In the concerted music this meant disaster, as the organist could hear nothing but his own instrument. Quick as thought, while he was playing the introductory solo, Sullivan called a stage hand. "Go," he said, "and tell Mr Costa

that the wire is broken, and that *he has to keep his ears open and follow me.*" No sooner had the man gone to deliver his message than the full meaning of the words dawned upon Sullivan. What would the autocratic Costa say to such a message, and delivered in such a manner ? When the scene ended Sullivan went to tender his apologies, but the maestro was too much alive to the importance of the message to take offence, and was thankful enough that his young assistant was ready-witted enough to avoid the otherwise inevitable fiasco.

In the summer of 1865 he paid his first visit to Paris, and in one of his letters from Paris he writes : " I am to play ' The Tempest ' (with Rossini) on Friday. . . . We called upon Dickens, and then all dined together (the Lehmanns, Dickens, and selves) at the Café Brébant, and then went on to the Opera Comique to see

David's new opera, 'Lalla Rookh.' It is very pretty, but rather monotonous.

"The particular purpose of our visit was to hear Madame Viardot in Gluck's 'Orfeo.' She was intensely emotional, and her performance was certainly one of the greatest things I have ever seen on the stage. Chorley, Dickens, and I went together, and I remember that we were so much moved by the performance, and it was of so affecting a character, that the tears streamed down our faces. We vainly tried to restrain ourselves.

"I went about a good deal with Dickens. He rushed about tremendously all the time, and I was often with him. His French was not particularly good. It was quite an Englishman's French, but he managed to make himself understood, and interviewed everybody. Of course he was much my senior, but I have never met any one whom I have liked better. There was one negative quality which I always

appreciated. There was not the least suspicion of the *poseur* about him. His electric vitality was extreme, but it was inspiring and not overpowering. He always gave one the impression of being immensely interested in everything, listening with the most charming attention and keenness to all one might say, however youthful and inexperienced one's opinion might be. He was a delightful companion, but never obtruded himself upon one. In fact, he was the best of good company.

"It was in December that I called on Rossini: Madame Viardot introduced me. Rossini received me with the greatest kindness, and took great interest in my composition. I had with me my music to 'The Tempest,' arranged as a pianoforte duet, and this we—Rossini and I—used to play, or a part of it, nearly every morning. This was because he had taken such a fancy to the music in question, and I must say that I felt greatly pleased, as one

could never accuse Rossini of insincerity, nor did he ever fear to say what he thought, however unacceptable his verdict might be. When I left him, he begged me to send him a copy of everything I wrote, and to keep him *au courant* with all that I did.

"One morning when I called in to see him, he was trying over a small piece of music as I entered. 'Why, what is that?' I exclaimed. He answered me very seriously: 'It's my dog's birthday, and I write a little piece for him every year!'"

Although his output was not large during the four years which succeeded the production of "The Tempest," Sullivan was by no means idle. He was occupied with an opera on the subject of "The Sapphire Necklace," the libretto of which, by H. F. Chorley, was found to be useless for stage purposes, and only the overture remains. Sullivan used up much of the music in other works.

His next important work was the "Kenilworth" cantata, which was given at the Birmingham Festival in 1864.

To this period belongs the composition of the "Irish Symphony," which was conceived and sketched out during a visit to Ireland in 1863. It was eventually produced at the Crystal Palace in 1866, and revived there (under the composer's direction) two years before his death, when it sounded astonishingly fresh and original, and was indicative of what Sullivan would have achieved had he chosen to bend his creative talent to abstract music. Though he was but twenty-two years of age at the time of its composition, there is every internal evidence that Sullivan was a complete master of classic design, while the orchestral colouring is rich with thought and poetic fancy. The language it speaks is eloquent to a degree, and it can always be heard with pleasure, except by those whose

partiality for the tubas and tinkling cymbals of modern symphonic works has deadened their senses to the more delicate beauty of a less boisterous school.

With regard to the title of the symphony, the following extract from a letter addressed to the present writer has its points of interest—if only as evidence of the innate modesty of the man :—

" It is a mistake to say ' erroneously ' called the Irish Symphony. It *is* the Irish Symphony, and was always called so by myself and all about me when I wrote it. But my modesty prevented me from publicly naming it so, after the ' Scotch Symphony.' Had I foreseen, however, that Stanford would name his work an ' Irish Symphony,' I think I should have knocked my modesty on the head."

Hitherto, Sullivan's life had been as unclouded as his own nature. He had tasted the sweetness of an extraordinary initial success ; his charm of manner had

won him innumerable friends; he was eagerly welcomed in artistic circles, and society held out to him a flattering hand. But now was to happen an event which stirred all that was deep and emotional in his nature. Without a word of warning, his father, to whom he was deeply attached, and of whose sacrifices on his behalf he always spoke with affectionate gratitude, died suddenly in the night. Overburdened with grief, the son sat down to pour forth his sorrow through the medium that was to him the most eloquent and heart moving. The result was the "In Memoriam" overture, produced at the Norwich Festival of 1866, and the pathetic beauty of which is as potent to-day in its appeal to the heart as it was when first produced. The noble simplicity of its diction penetrates the soul like the thrilling tones of some great preacher, and its language is of the kind that never grows old. The overture is a monument

of filial piety in its origin and masterly musicianship in its execution. The following anecdote has a pathetic interest :—

About a month before the Festival he said to his father that he could think of nothing which satisfied him, and that he would have to abandon the idea.

"No, my boy," said his father, "something is sure to occur to put new vigour and fresh thoughts into you. Don't give it up." Three days after (September 22, 1866) his father died, and the fresh thoughts are to be found in the "In Memoriam" symphony.

By a singular coincidence, the year which was remarkable for Sullivan's finest achievement in the domain of abstract music saw also the foundation laid for that wonderful series of comic operas which was to make his name famous the wide world through. Arising from an incident at a private party, he, in association with Mr (now Sir Francis) Burnand, produced

a musical version of "Box and Cox," or, as they named it, "Cox and Box," which, after a few private representations, was given publicly at a benefit performance at the Adelphi Theatre.

We have now come to the period in Sullivan's life when it will be easier and more convenient to deal with his works in their respective sections rather than in chronological order.

With his private life we need concern ourselves but little. He had established himself in the good graces of society; and as time went forward he became an honoured guest of Royalty, the intimate friend of the Duke of Edinburgh, and was admitted to every social advantage open to the man of fashion.

Some may think it a pity that he thus allowed himself to be taken captive by the pleasures of life, and may regret that he did not follow his profession with more self-denying ardour. With the wealth

that flowed into his coffers from the golden fount of the Savoy he appears to have lost the keen desire to follow up the creations of the first period. During the last twenty years of his life he, with one or two exceptions, only varied the long procession of successful comic operas by the composition of "The Martyr of Antioch," "The Golden Legend," and "Ivanhoe."

In estimating Sullivan's possibilities and his creative output, the critic must not forget to take into consideration the disease which so grievously tormented him for twenty-five years, and which twice brought him to the Gates of Death amid indescribable pain and suffering. Only those who were privileged to visit his bedside on those sorrowful occasions are aware of the physical torture he endured, and with what courage he bore his affliction. His malady was always with him; and in later years, to soften

its pangs, he had recourse to anodynes, which relieved him in one way while they worked him infinite harm in another. In these circumstances much might be forgiven any man, if forgiveness were necessary.

It is possible that Sullivan might have written dull symphonies and commonplace tone poems, whereas he gave the world the brightest series of operas this or any other country has ever witnessed. It was comic opera the world wanted of Sullivan, and, happily for its people and for himself, he was able to supply it. That was his final mission in life ; although his last word was spoken, as his first was, on the religious side of art. And it is as a composer of sacred music that we will now consider him.

CHAPTER V

HYMNS AND ORATORIO

IT does not follow that because a boy is constantly engaged in singing anthems in church that he must necessarily share the devotional spirit of the minister of religion. But Arthur Sullivan was peculiarly sensitive to the subtle and moving influence of the Christian life. The ecclesiastical character of so much of his music is as much a part of the nature of the man as the outcome of his early training and his association with the Church in after years.

His first published composition, which bears the date of 1855, was "O Israel," a sacred song, and his contributions to hymnology consist of fifty-six tunes and

twelve arrangements, which have been collected and published in one volume by Messrs Novello & Co.

"It is perhaps a curious fact," Sir Arthur remarked, "that one of my best known hymn tunes was written as a result of a quarrel. The dispute was between the proprietors of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern' and the firm of Novello, who printed it, and who then gave way to Messrs Clowes, who still print it. Novello's then proceeded to compile a collection of hymns, and for that hymnary I wrote 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' which, you see, was thus the indirect outcome of a quarrel."

In the hymns his fine knowledge of four-part harmony is well displayed—a proficiency acquired by patient study of the early English writers and the instructions of his teacher, Sir John Goss, himself a profound master of harmony. His tunes, while never losing their devotional

purport, are instinct with that melody which was an inalienable part of his nature, and one among them, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," may well be described as the war-song of the English Church Militant. Nor must his labours as editor of "Church Hymns" be overlooked, a task that was undertaken at the request of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Of the thirteen anthems which are included in his list of compositions, the two most striking are, "We have Heard with Our Ears," in five-part harmony, which is dated 1865, and "Who is Like Unto Thee?" published in 1883. His last work of this description was "Wreaths for our Graves," published in 1898, and which two years later was sung at his funeral service at the Chapel Royal, St James's. Two of his *Te Deums* call for special mention; one was written at the instigation of the Board of Management of

the Crystal Palace to celebrate the recovery of King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, 1872. The work was performed under the conditions which prevailed at the Handel Festivals, and it achieved something more than a *succés d'estime*. Its most prominent features are the ingenious manner in which Sullivan has manipulated the well-known hymn tune of St Ann, the contrapuntal writing in the finale, and the use of a military band for the "Domine salvam fac Reginam."

The second *Te Deum* was written for another national celebration, and was performed June 8, 1902, when the King and Queen attended St Paul's Cathedral to offer up their song of thanksgiving for the successful termination of the war in South Africa. With his usual keen eye for appropriate effect, Sullivan scored the work for string orchestra and military brass band, the wood wind being entirely left out owing to the difficulty which is

always experienced in adjusting its pitch to that of the organ.

As in his former Festival *Te Deum*, he worked in the melody of St Ann's, so again he has used a familiar hymn tune, this time choosing his own "Onward, Christian Soldiers." After a few introductory chords, the first two bars of the hymn are given out by the strings and trumpets, and then the choir enter in unison with what is the main theme of the whole work. There are five separate movements. The unaccompanied double chorus, "Lord, Save Thy People," is a powerful piece of part-writing; with "Vouchsafe, O Lord," there is a return to the first theme, but this time harmonised, and then with a fanfare of trumpets the hymn tune again makes its appearance, and is used as counterpoint to an independent melody, until its triumphant strains engulf the choral section and end the work with a pæan of praise. This

Te Deum is noteworthy as being Sullivan's last completed work. It shows that he had lost none of the virile strength of his prime, and bears every evidence of having been written with that loving care and full-hearted sympathy which especially characterised his work for the Church.

We have now to consider his two most ambitious efforts in sacred writing—"The Prodigal Son," produced at the Three Choirs Festival at Worcester in 1869, and "The Light of the World," first given at the Birmingham Triennial Festival in 1873.

Naturally, a great deal of interest was aroused when it became known that Sullivan had decided to enter the lists as a composer of oratorio. Hitherto his vocal work had been confined to anthems, songs, and two operettas. He had not soared into that loftier sphere where Handel sat as Jove, with Mendelssohn

Elliott & Fry.] SIR W S GILBERT.

on his right hand. But he had given such indisputable proofs of his ability, he had so inspired his contemporaries with the belief in his future, that, in an editorial preface to the "Hymnal," the late John Hullah spoke of him as "one of the brightest and last-risen stars of our English musical hemisphere."

The curious were anxious to see what measure of success would attend his flight into the serene empyrean of oratorio. Those who had the true interests of native music at heart were keenly desirous that he should inaugurate a new era in a form of art that was ever peculiarly acceptable to the British people. His brief record inspired confidence, and those of his admirers who were of a sanguine temperament entertained the fond hope that he would show himself to be no unworthy rival to Mendelssohn.

The composers of the earlier Victorian period had achieved no special greatness

in this sphere of art. George Macfarren had so far avoided oratorio; Sterndale Bennett had but recently shown his power and his limitations in "The Woman of Samaria"; John Hatton was best known by his part-songs, and Jules Benedict had given a hostage to fortune in "The Legend of St Cecilia"; while Michael Costa had won a temporary reputation as an oratorio writer with "Eli" and "Naaman."

Sullivan had given satisfactory proof that he possessed a style of a distinctly national type, due, we may take it, to his intimate knowledge of the works of the early English composers. With the solitary exception of Bennett, no British-born musician of eminence had elected to follow in the footsteps of Handel, and derive his inspiration from the pages of Holy Writ. Not only, therefore, did Sullivan break new ground, so far as he himself was concerned, but he was

entering on a field of operations which was singularly barren from the native point of view.

The importance of the event was fully recognised by the Worcester Festival Committee, who selected artists of such prominence as Mesdames Tietjens and Trebelli, Messrs Sims Reeves and Santley, to interpret the young composer's work. Its reception was extremely favourable, and it did much to enhance Sullivan's growing reputation. As we read the score to-day, and by the light of the modern development of orchestral methods, the more captiously inclined may complain of an old-world air about its writing, while admitting that certain features in it were then somewhat daring, for example the chorus, "Let us eat and drink," in which Sullivan made his first attempt to break away from the conventional smoothness of oratorio, and introduced the dramatic or realistic

element. In this number there is the real Oriental colouring, not the conventional one. A curious circumstance in connection with it is that Sullivan invented the phrase which runs without a break through the whole number, and when in Egypt in 1882, he found the Dervishes using exactly the same combination of notes.

That neither the composer nor the musical world was disappointed with "The Prodigal Son" may be gathered from the fact that Sullivan was offered, and accepted, a commission to write an oratorio for the Birmingham Festival of 1873. Inasmuch as his former work had been comparatively short, he conceived the intention of giving a full-programme oratorio, and it is to be feared that he ran into a length which is made more noticeable by the monotonous treatment of the baritone music associated with the protagonist.

To give pointed emphasis to the work,

the Saviour was presented in the first person, and His utterances are accompanied by an inner orchestra, consisting of violas and violoncellos, in order to maintain the solemnity of the character. There is not sufficient distinction between the tone colour of the voice and the instruments to prevent a sense of dulness overcasting the mind of the listener. The idea is dramatic in theory, but it was found wanting when put to a practical test. Apart from this, however, there is much to admire in "The Light of the World."

It was revived at the Albert Hall, February 25, 1903, but the delicate beauty of the work was lost in that vast arena, and, to ears tuned to the fulness of modern orchestration, the fragile sweetness of much of the instrumentation sounded ineffective. But if one missed sonority, the combination of contiguous keys and the Wagnerian treatment of the chord

of the Diminished Seventh, there are in it many examples of perfect and powerful part-writing, a melodious directness of expression, and a lucidity and gracefulness of style, which entitle it to be regarded as a lineal descendant of the works of that great family of composers who did so much to make bright the annals of musical art during the Tudor and Stuart dynasties.

The desire to be dramatic, and to some degree realistic, is to be noticed also in this oratorio ; for example, in the chorus in the synagogue, "The Spirit of the Lord," the people begin their comments almost in a whisper of astonishment, which gradually increases in intensity until the climax of indignation and passionate utterance is reached with the words, "Away with Him! He hath a devil, and is mad."

Those who know the oratorio will appreciate the clearness and harmonic

beauty of the chorus, "I will pour out My Spirit," and it would be difficult to find in the whole range of our musical literature more perfect examples of part-writing than the quintette, "Doubtless Thou art our Father," and the quartette, "Yea, though I walk," which was sung at the funeral service at the Chapel Royal, and brought tears to many an eye by reason of its exquisite mournfulness. Again, what a spirit of poignant pathos is expressed in the contralto solo and chorus, "Weep ye not for the dead," and how charming is his treatment of the dainty chorus for children, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" with its slender but appropriate accompaniment.

In after years Sullivan himself recognised certain defects in "The Light of the World," and expressed his intention of condensing and revising it, but the task was continually postponed, and his intention remains unfulfilled.

CHAPTER VI

DRAMATIC CANTATAS

WHETHER the reception accorded "The Light of the World" fell short of his expectations, and so discouraged him from attempting anything further in the direction of oratorio, or whether it was that he was beginning to realise that his talent needed a stronger dramatic form of expression, and that he saw in the stage a more remunerative sphere, the fact remains that he gave no further attention to sacred or quasi-sacred music until, in 1878, he was invited by the Leeds Festival Committee to write an oratorio for the Festival of 1880. To this request he replied after the lapse of many weeks, and it will be seen

that he had no keen desire to do anything on the ambitious scale of "The Light of the World." Further, he had just passed through a crisis in the incurable malady from which he suffered, and, what perhaps was even more to the purpose, the year previous he had, in collaboration with W. S. Gilbert, delved into the golden mine of comic opera.

The account of the preliminary negotiations concerning his association with Leeds is taken from Messrs Spark and Joseph Bennett's "History of the Leeds Musical Festivals":—

"9, ALBERT MANSIONS,
"LONDON, S.W., *March* 12, 1878.

"MY DEAR SIR,—When I received your first letter at Nice, I was so ill and worn out that I at once wrote declining the offer of the Leeds Festival. But, upon consideration, I thought it would be wise to keep it back a short time in case I might get better and stronger.

"I was constantly ill at Nice, consequently the letter was never sent. On my arrival home yesterday I found that you had written to me again, and also Mr Law, who, unfortunately has been, and still is, in Italy.

"I beg, therefore, you will accept the expressions of my sincere regret at the delay in answering you. I am much better now, and feel more disposed to entertain the proposal which the Committee have done me the honour to make to me.

"I could not, however, undertake the composition of an oratorio which should occupy the whole of a concert. For that I should have no time. But I should not be unwilling to write a work of the same length and character as 'The Prodigal Son'—a work of about an hour or an hour and a half, and forming one part of a concert.

"Will you kindly convey this to the Committee, and let me know their view

on the subject?—I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,

"ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

"F. R. SPARK, Esq."

On the receipt of that letter the Committee passed the following resolution:—

"That Mr Sullivan be commissioned to write a work of the nature mentioned in his letter of March 12, at a fee of 100 guineas. Such fee to include all his personal expenses and the providing the necessary copies for band and chorus."

Sullivan chose for his subject the story of David and Jonathan, but the arrangement of the text proved more difficult than he had anticipated. He remarked to Mr Spark: "I search the Scriptures daily, only to find that the best verses for filling up in the orthodox fashion have been used by oratorio writers before me. If I take these, there will be always comparisons drawn as to the

setting. One will say, 'Oh, Handel's music to those words is much better'; or, 'Mendelssohn's ideas are far superior to Sullivan's.'" At length he abandoned the task, and, after a conversation with Mr W. S. Gilbert, it was arranged that the latter should adapt Dean Milman's poem, "The Martyr of Antioch," which was done. With the production of the work he was further associated with the Festival of 1880 as Sir Michael Costa's successor to the conductor's chair.

Here it is interesting to note that Sullivan abandoned the field of oratorio, and decided that for the future he would write only to such subjects as would give his invention free play, and permit him to indulge the bent of his dramatic instincts. Milman's poem allowed him to follow the dictates of fancy, and to colour his music with the hues which suggested themselves to his imagination. The result was highly satisfactory, and

but for the overwhelming popularity of its successor we should probably hear a great deal more of his one sacred music drama.

There is another reason why, in our opinion, it is less popular than "The Golden Legend," and more unequal in its workmanship, and that is—to use a homely phrase—Sullivan was sitting on two stools. His conception of the sacred character of the poem stayed his hand when he felt that he should be frankly operatic—for fear that people should accuse him of being theatrical—and, with the ever-increasing popularity of "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" in mind, his fears, if he had them, were not ill-founded.

The work is rich in contrast, and the greater part of it is of remarkable excellence. "The Hymn to Apollo," which takes up seventy-two pages of the vocal score, is a fine piece of scholarly

writing, and the orchestral colouring and ever-changing harmonies, in combination with much melodic beauty, make it worthy of the greatest composer that ever lived. The tenor song, "Come Marguerita, come," is a perfect gem in its way, and another peculiarly attractive number, due partly to its quaint accompaniment (a dance measure in pagan worship), is the contralto air and chorus, "Io Pæan." That extraordinary vein of sadness which constantly makes itself apparent in Sullivan's work found its pathetic vent in the exquisite unaccompanied chorus, "Brother, thou art gone before us," which was so feelingly sung by the chorus of the Savoy Theatre as the casket that contained all that was mortal of him was lowered into the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral.

The dramatic quality of "The Martyr of Antioch" was recognised by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, who produced an

operatic version of it at Liverpool in 1899.

Sullivan was asked to write a symphony for the next Leeds Festival, and after giving the matter full consideration, he declined on the ground "that he had his turn at the previous Festival, and hoped the Committee would secure the services of some other English musician," a reply which was obviously due to the vogue of his comic operas.

But the Committee was more fortunate in their application for a work for the Festival of 1886. Mr Joseph Bennett adapted Longfellow's "Golden Legend" to his purpose, and on August 24, he wrote saying that the work was finished. It was produced Saturday, October 16, and was hailed then, and is recognised now, as the finest English choral composition of the century which saw its birth. It rivals in popularity the masterpieces of Handel and Mendelssohn, and whatever

else of Sullivan's may perish, we feel safe in assuming that "The Golden Legend" will remain as a living monument of the Victorian era of music and as a perpetual reminder of the genius of its most popular composer. Its reception at the Festival was something extraordinary, and to describe it we cannot do better than reproduce the words of a well-known writer, which appeared in the *Leeds Mercury* :—

"About the overwhelming popularity of Saturday morning's event there could be no doubt. It appeared at the ticket-office in an early run, which, as the appointed time drew near, became a rush. It was manifest, also, in an eagerness to be present that made light of crowding and discomfort, and brought guineas to the treasury for the poor privilege of standing-room.

"There is no mystery about the underlying enthusiasm. Sir Arthur Sullivan

has the ear of the public, whether he write oratorios, cantatas, comic operas, or songs . . . . How can we describe the scene which followed the last note of the cantata? Let the reader imagine an audience rising to its multitudinous feet in thundering approval; a chorus either cheering with heart and soul, or raining down flowers upon the lucky composer; and an orchestra coming out of their habitual calm to wax fervid in demonstration. Never was a more heartfelt ovation. Ovation! nay, it was the greater triumph —such as once acclaimed the successful soldiers of Rome. The Leeds Festival of 1886 will be remembered, if for nothing else, for the production of 'The Golden Legend.'"

By the kind permission of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, I produce the criticism he pronounced on "The Golden Legend" in the course of the three lectures on Sullivan given at the Royal Institute, because it is

the judgment of one of the ripest musical scholars of our generation, and of a composer who is in touch with the modern development of his art.

"In Longfellow's 'Golden Legend' a subject was hit upon containing exactly that human touch which so well fitted the genius he has undoubtedly exhibited in its treatment. From the elaborate, vivid, and exciting prologue, painted in the strongest colours of modern instrumentation, to the touching finale, which brings tears to the eyes (as I confess it did to mine at the first performance), the composer has availed himself in a masterly manner of all the resources at the musician's command, and the gathered experience of a lifetime.

"And he does so with restraint, for I take it that at least one of the helps to the success of 'The Golden Legend' is that nothing is overdone. Everything—the sparing use of the *leitmotif*, the unwon-

ted freedom of the harmonic progressions, the orchestral colour—are all reserved for their appropriate places. And in the Schubert-like tone of the 'Journey to Salerno,' leading to the 'Scene by the Sea,' culminating in the soprano solo and chorus, 'The night is calm and cloudless,' he reaches a height which—I say it deliberately—touches the sublime. That one of the scenes but poorly matches its companions is nothing to the purpose.

"'The Golden Legend' remains, after the wear of some fifteen years, the masterpiece it was justly pronounced to be at the first performance.

"It has been seriously stated that the influence of Berlioz is apparent in this work, and that it is modelled on the French composer's style; but I confess that I fail to discover any trace of that influence. To be sure, both composers had to deal, musically, with the Arch-Fiend (always a popular and interesting

character); but the only similarity between the Mephisto of Berlioz and the Lucifer of Sullivan is that they seem both to have some knowledge of counterpoint. After the blasphemous, burlesque 'Amen' is bellowed in by the tipsy students in Aubrach's Keller, Mephisto remarks (I quote from the English translation), 'I' faith, good sir, but your fugue is astounding: the style is really grand. Art was never better expressed in more pious sentiments.'

"Lucifer, in 'The Golden Legend,' is much more true to Goethe's original conception, and the counterpoint is confined to an orchestral illustration of the descriptive line in 'Faust,' 'Was hinkt der Kerlauf einem Fuss.' This line, indicating the physical consequences of an accident (very likely a severe fall), was seized upon by Sullivan, and he invested his devil with a contrapuntal limp, which generally accompanies his appearance.

"The 'humour of it' is born of the spirit of comic opera, which at the time, like 'La Belle Dame sans Merci,' had him 'in thrall.' In connection with this very point, I remember that he remarked to me, 'I can't away with it. When I was writing the "Legend," and Elsie sings at the most serious moment of the story, "I come not here to argue, but to die," I quite regretted the chance of letting the chorus respond, after the approved Savoy fashion, "She doesn't come here to argue, but to die." '"

The production of "The Golden Legend" during the following year in Berlin, we may assume was due to Court influence, for Sir Arthur was a *persona grata* with the Imperial Family. The Germans were by no means favourably disposed towards English art; indeed, by the tone adopted by their musical press, to them it was non-existent. The critics went prejudiced to the first

performance—which was a bad one—and wrote concerning it with an affected air of superiority eminently characteristic of that favoured race with which God, in His bountiful goodness, has peopled the banks of the Spree.

The history of the episode is best given in Sullivan's own words :—

" In April, 1887, I went to superintend and conduct the performance of ' The Golden Legend ' in Germany. Owing to various unfortunate circumstances, the first performance was an execrable one. They have no well-organised choral societies in Berlin, such as exist in great numbers in London. The solo singers were moderate, and the principal soprano was a light soubrette from the opera ! She was, of course, utterly unfit to sing the music in question, and for some cause or other she could not manage to sing one note properly at the actual performance. One might have imagined her to be a bad

amateur trying to read the music at sight.

"The performance took place at the Royal Opera-House, where there was a very small and rackety old organ, which was also unfortunate, as the organ played a very important part in 'The Golden Legend.' I could get no bells for the prologue, and through the personal efforts of the Crown Princess we secured some large Chinese gongs to try and represent the bells. Altogether the performance was lamentable. However, I determined not to be overcome in this way if I could help it, and as Madame Albani was in Holland at that time, I telegraphed to her to know if she could sing the work if I gave another performance on the following Saturday. She very kindly replied in the affirmative, and, in spite of the drawbacks that I have mentioned, Madame Albani sang the music so splendidly that the entire work created quite a different impression.

"Both the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess were very good, and extremely kind and sympathetic under the load of misfortune which I had to contend with, and they were most helpful in every possible way. Although I was living at an hotel, they made me look upon their palace as my home. I constantly spent the whole day there, and it was then that I noted the first symptoms of his terrible illness. One day I drove out with them to the races at Charlottenburg. There was a cold wind blowing, and when the Crown Prince was standing outside the royal pavilion, the Princess entreated him to go inside, and then it was that I noticed the curious harshness in his voice which indicated the approaching fatality."

We have now seen the end of this phase of Sullivan's art. With the exception of the *Te Deum*, which has been discussed, henceforth he devoted his time to what is known as Savoy Opera.

Moreover, in 1892, there was a return of his malady in its acutest form, and for some time his life was in extreme danger. He never overcame the effects of that terrible illness, and was never after the same in health. He was repeatedly pressed to write another work for the Leeds Festival, but his invariable excuse was that he could not find a book to please him. But a more forcible reason may have been that he was content to concentrate his diminished physical powers on the production of those operas which the public demanded, and which were needed to maintain the prestige and well-being of the Savoy Theatre and those associated with it.

CHAPTER VII

THE COMIC OPERA PERIOD

WE have now to discuss that phase of art in which, it is frankly admitted, Sullivan reigned supreme, and sat upon a throne of his own making. Before his coming, a comic opera of native origin was a thing almost unknown, and such works of the kind as found favour with the public were imported from France. Offenbach had set the town ringing with the strains of "The Grand Duchess," and Lecocq with "La Fille de Madame Angot" and the works of both composers were eagerly awaited by managers and public.

In a modest way the German Reeds opened up an avenue for English operettas

in the early sixties, but they made no distinct appeal to the community at large. The entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration, and subsequently at St George's Hall, was of the harmless order which found favour with people who thought it a sin to visit a theatre. Musical diversion in the regular places of amusement was confined to burlesque. That these French operettas were profitable speculations was clear to any one with the least knowledge of theatrical affairs and business in general.

When Sullivan scored such a marked success with his initial effort "Cox and Box," we may fairly assume that visions of more important triumphs haunted his mind. "The Contrabandista" and "Thespis" gave the young composer additional belief in his powers, and with the production of "Trial by Jury" at the Royalty in 1875 he must have been convinced that he could beat the Frenchmen

on their own ground. With the composition of "Cox and Box" he sprang, after the manner of Minerva, fully armed into the arena of comic opera. Almost every characteristic that is to be found in his later work will be found, in a modified way, in that delightful little operetta. His individuality of style is as apparent as in "The Rose of Persia." The essential features of the one are the essential features of the other. The same quality of humour is to be observed in "Hush-a-bye, bacon, on the coal top" as in "There was once a small street arab." We even find in the "Buttercup" duet the suggestion of contrasted subjects progressing concurrently, which stand out more prominently in "The Sorcerer," and afterwards found complete expression in the duet in "The Pirates of Penzance," where the lovers are singing in valse rhythm, while the chorus of girls are chattering about the

weather in two-four time. The Policeman's chorus, with the counter theme for the sopranos, and the trio for the three men in the first act of "The Mikado," with three different themes going at the same time, are other notable instances of his facility in this respect. Only a musician with a complete command of the scientific and technical branch of his art could accomplish such unique results. His comic appreciation of the mock tragic in music is as clearly indicated in Box's description of his supposed suicide as it is in "When the night wind howls" in "Ruddigore," or the very original accompaniment to the Lord Chancellor's Dream Song in "Iolanthe."

"Trial by Jury," which is the eldest-born of the Gilbert and Sullivan series of operas, is essentially Sullivanesque, but its successor, "The Sorcerer," allowed the composer wider scope for the display of his individual bent. The treatment of the

story needed greater light and shade than Mr Gilbert's witty parody of legal procedure in this country. For the first time we are brought face to face with what may be roughly termed Sullivan's adaptation of the hymn to comic purposes, and his facility in imitating the style of the early English composers. Take, for example, the ensemble in the quintette, "I rejoice that it's decided," and also such numbers as "Hail Poetry!" in "The Pirates of Penzance," and "I hear the soft notes of an echoing voice" in "Patience," with their undeniable ecclesiastical harmonies and cadences. These are obviously the outcome of Sullivan's early Church training; and this element in his music has had not a little to do with its popularity with the English people, who for generations heard scarcely any music in public outside the walls of the parish church. His use of the madrigal form is something much more than

an imitation of the old masters. Such numbers as "Brightly dawns our wedding day" in "The Mikado," and "Joy and sorrow" in "The Rose of Persia," are of such original merit that they alone entitle Sullivan to a place by the side of William Byrd and Thomas Morley.

Of that wonderful melody which flows with such crystal purity and charm through the whole of his work, there is no need to speak. It has spoken eloquently enough for itself throughout the past generation. Its captivating quality made gay the drawing-room, and cheered the man in the street as he unconsciously hummed one or the other of the many airs which winged their way through the doors of the Savoy Theatre to the four corners of the earth.

We have had humour in music from many composers. Haydn overflowed with it, the pages of Mozart offer us many delightful instances, and Auber revelled

in it; but to neither Italian, German, nor Gaul did it come with greater spontaneity and freedom than it did to Sullivan. In his hands it took a new form, and he may be credited with the distinction of having invented much that was distinctly original.

His humour appears grimly in the Lucifer music in "The Golden Legend"; we come across it in "Ivanhoe," in the ecclesiastical harmonies which accompany Jolly Friar Tuck; and in his lighter works it darts about with the luminous elusiveness of a firefly. There is the splendid burlesque of the seventeenth-century glee in "A British tar is a soaring soul," in "H.M.S. *Pinafore*": the delightful parody of the Handelian style in the martial music given to Arac and the three Knights in "Princess Ida"; and the never-to-be-forgotten quartette in "The Gondoliers," "In a contemplative fashion," which is the most ingenious

II.

Miss JESSIE BOND I. and Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM II
in "The Mikado."

and most difficult illustration of this kind of work to be found in his light-opera writing. One has only to give half an ear to the orchestration to realise his humorous capacity. His use of the bassoon and oboe—one of the simplest of his instrumental devices—is the index to his treatment of the other members of the orchestral family.

It would be tedious to take the operas *seriatim*, and discuss their respective merits in detail, and it will suffice to deal shortly with a few of the leading features of the series in its entirety. In "The Sorcerer," as we have pointed out, there are to be found all the salient characteristics of the succeeding operas, and in it we recognise the perfect workmanship and appreciation of the value of words and situations. With regard to this latter quality, musical training had no bearing on it, his early associations did not favour it, and his practical

knowledge of the stage was extremely slight. The one and only conclusion to be come to is that the gift was born with him, and was part of the rich heritage he owed to Nature.

His consummate musicianship helped him without doubt. Once an idea had fixed itself in his mind, he had no difficulty in putting it on paper. He scored his operas with the readiness and facility of a man writing a chatty letter to a friend. His method was to leave the orchestration until the scene had been finally fixed at rehearsal. By that time he had penetrated to the depths of its humour or sentiment, and with unerring touch he was able to give exactly the required colouring to his instrumentation. He scored quickly, and with what certainty he worked may be estimated from the fact that the elaborate overture to "The Yeomen of the Guard" was composed and scored in twelve hours, while

the splendid epilogue to "The Golden Legend" was begun and finished in the space of twenty-four hours.

It will be interesting to pause here and dwell on Sullivan's method of composition.

Referring more particularly to the famous comic operas, we quote his own words to Mr Lawrence :—

"The first thing I have to decide upon is the rhythm, and I arrange the rhythm before I come to the question of melody. As an instance, let us take :—

'Were I thy bride,
Then all the world beside
Were not too wide
To hold my wealth of love,
Were I thy bride!

Upon thy breast
My loving head would rest,
As on her nest
The tender turtle-dove,
Were I thy bride!'

You will see that, as far as the rhythm is concerned, and quite apart from the unlimited possibilities of melody, there are a good many ways of treating those words.

"You see that five out of six methods were commonplace, and my first aim has always been to get as much originality as possible in the rhythm, approaching the question of melody afterwards. Of course, melody may come before rhythm with other composers, but it is not so with me. If I feel that I cannot get the accent right in any other way, I mark out the metre in dots and dashes, and it is only after I have decided the rhythm that I proceed to notation.

"My first work—the jotting down of the melodies—I term 'sketches.' They are hieroglyphics which, possibly, would seem undecipherable. It is my musical shorthand, and of course it means much to me. When I have finished these

sketches, the creative part of my work is completed. After that comes the orchestration, which is, of course, a very essential part of the whole work, and entails some severe manual labour. Apart from getting into the swing of composition, it is often an hour before my hand is steady enough to shape the notes well and with sufficient rapidity. When I have made a beginning, however, I work very rapidly.

"You must remember that a piece of music which will only take two minutes in actual performance—quick time—may necessitate two or three days' hard work in the mere manual labour of orchestration, apart from the question of composition. The literary man can avoid sheer manual labour in a number of ways, but you cannot dictate musical notation to a secretary. Every note must be written in your own hand—there is no other way of getting it done—and every opera

means four or five hundred folio pages of music, every crotchet and quaver of which has to be written out by the composer. Then, again, your ideas are pages and pages ahead of your poor overworked fingers.

"When the 'sketch' is completed, which means writing, re-writing and alterations of every description, the work is drawn out in so-called 'skeleton score' —that is, with all the vocal parts, rests for symphonies, etc., completed, but without a note of accompaniment or instrumental work of any kind, although, naturally, I have all that in mind.

"Then the voice parts are written out by the copyist, and the rehearsals begin. On those occasions I vamp an accompaniment, or, in my absence, the accompanist of the theatre does so. It is not until the music has been thoroughly learnt, and the rehearsals on the stage, with the necessary action and 'business,'

are well advanced, that I begin orchestration.

"As soon as the orchestration is finished, the band parts are copied, two or three rehearsals of the orchestra only are held, then the orchestra and the voices together without any stage business or action, and finally, three or four full rehearsals of the complete work on the stage are enough to prepare the work for presentation to the public."

"Of course, the use of the piano," Sir Arthur remarks, when discussing the subject, "would limit me terribly; and as to the inspiration theory, although I admit that sometimes a happy phrase will occur to one quite unexpectedly, rather than the result of any definite reasoning process, musical composition, like everything else, is the outcome of hard work, and there is really nothing speculative nor spasmodic about it. Moreover, the happy thoughts which

seem to come to one only occur after hard work and steady persistence. It will always happen that one is better ready for work needing inventiveness at one time than at another. One day work is hard, and another day it is easy ; but if I had waited for inspiration I am afraid I should have done nothing. The miner does not sit at the top of the shaft waiting for the coal to come bubbling up to the surface. One must go deep down, and work out every vein carefully."

CHAPTER VIII

SAVOY SUCCESSES

WITH the production of "The Sorcerer" people did not realise that a new order of things had come into existence, which was entirely to revolutionise the musical entertainment of the country. The British public is the slowest in the world to recognise merit in any new departure in art. When "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" was produced, the receipts for the first two weeks were so poor that the management entertained serious thoughts of withdrawing the piece. We are told it was an orchestral selection played at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts which turned people's thoughts in the direction of the Opera Comique, and sent them there to see for themselves

what manner of humour it was that was wedded to such melodic strains, with the result that the opera ran for seven hundred nights. But its troubles had not finished, for during her lengthy voyage the gallant ship found herself being towed into the Royal Courts of Justice. Mr D'Oyly Carte, who had formed the syndicate which started the venture at the Opera Comique, was an astute man of business, and saw in the Gilbert and Sullivan combination a very profitable enterprise. He had no longer any need for the syndicate's money nor their counsels in the board-room, and so he gave them notice to quit. It occasioned a costly lawsuit, and for a time a rival company performed the piece at the Aquarium Theatre, Westminster. But Mr Carte won in the end.

"H.M.S. *Pinafore*" firmly established the Gilbert and Sullivan vogue. The production of "The Pirates of Penzance"

began that series of fashionable first-nights which were the envy of those unable to gain admission, and the pride of all who were fortunate enough to have their names included in Mr Carte's list. For a year did we listen to the wail of the policeman, whose lot, taking one consideration with another, was not a happy one. Then was produced that exquisite satire on the æsthetic craze of the day, and "Patience" became something akin to a mania. It was this work which was transferred to the newly-built Savoy Theatre. "Iolanthe" and "Princess Ida" were less successful, although they contain much delightful music. In "The Mikado" the author and composer touched the high-water mark of success. That was a never-to-be-forgotten first-night. At the end of the first act it was supposed there must be a drop in the interest in the second, that it would be impossible to maintain that wonderful flow of wit and melody;

but as number succeeded number, the surprise and delight of the audience increased until the climax was reached, and with the fall of the curtain the house became wildly enthusiastic. In 1886 it was produced in Berlin by one of the English companies which had been on tour in America, and it was in that city that Madame Ilka von Palma, who was afterwards seen at the Savoy, appeared as Nanki Poo, the wandering minstrel. As an instance of the impression made by "The Mikado" in Germany, we quote the following from the *North German Gazette*:—

"At the very outset we were surprised by the pretty scenery and the truly blinding splendour of the dresses, as well as by the easy grace of all who took part in the play. Not only are the solo singers excellent performers, but the inferior members of the choir do their work artistically. We are conscious of entertaining a very pronounced predilection for

all our home products, but we scruple not to confess that, as a performance, 'The Mikado' surpasses all our operettas. And were it not for the fact that the English dialogue, after all, must remain unintelligible to the bulk of the audience, and thus hamper their appreciation of the piece, their delight in the treat which is offered them would be greater still. The music is effective all through, and even comprises some delicate masterpieces."

Eighteen years later the following appeared in the columns of the New York *Musical Courier*, from its German correspondent, under date May 26, 1903 :—

"For the benefit of the pension fund of the members of the Leipzig theatres a performance of 'The Mikado' was given recently at the Neues Theatre of that city. It was in so far a memorable affair, as all of the parts in the operetta had been entrusted to first-class opera singers only, that the work had been newly mounted

and finely staged by the director, Privy Councillor Staegermann, and that no less a conductor than Professor Arthur Nikisch was the wielder of the baton. Ballet-master Grundlach, from Vienna, had arranged and studied with the Leipzig ballet and chorus the dances and grouping, and Albert Goldberg had taken care that the *mise-en-scéne* was a lively and brilliant one. A more splendid performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's justly most popular operetta is probably not on record, and all parties concerned in it, especially Professor Nikisch, were made the objects of stormy applause and most enthusiastic ovations on the part of an audience that filled every seat and all the standing room in the spacious theatre."

"Fallacy somewhere," was the unfortunate line which one of the ghosts had to speak in "Ruddygore," and which drew from an occupant of the gallery the remark, "You're right, there is." But

the satire of "Ruddigore"—as it was afterwards spelled—was never understood. It was a grim parody of lurid melodrama, a form of entertainment to which the habitués of the Savoy were little accustomed. Musically, it contained work equal to anything that Sullivan wrote for the Savoy, and there are one or two numbers in it which rise almost to the level of grand opera. It was the least successful of the series, and has never been revived.

To atone for the temporary falling away from the standard of Savoy excellence, the next opera mounted was "The Yeomen of the Guard," which was of a different genre to all that had gone before, and which still retains a unique position, not only in the Gilbert-Sullivan repertory, but in the operatic art of this country. In this work topsy-turvydom has no place, and in its stead there are smiles and tears, comedy and pathos. It was a deliberate and

well-conceived effort to give the English public a higher grade of musical art, and to engage the same serious sympathy for the light opera stage that was given to the legitimate drama. The ambitious nature of the work—and what its composer intended it to be—is clearly shown by the form and characteristics of the overture, which is of really serious pretensions. Inasmuch as the story has no relationship to any passing phase of contemporary fashion, it is highly probable that it will long continue to hold a place in the living literature of light operatic art.

Its successor, "The Gondoliers," returns to the world of pure fancy and imagination. The music overflows with the joy of life, and represents Sullivan in his most sparkling and vivacious mood. There is sunshine in every bar, and the most engaging qualities of accomplished musicianship are obvious throughout. Sullivan never wielded his

magician's wand to better purpose, and it seems as if fate, foreseeing that "The Gondoliers" was to break the happy partnership which had existed for so many years, was determined that the farewell should be said amidst an unprecedented outburst of mirth and melody.

The story of Mr W. S. Gilbert's secession from the Savoy is a regrettable page in its annals, but it is wrong to assume that there was any quarrel between him and Sullivan. The latter was not in any way concerned in the original dispute, but it is obvious that he had to associate himself with one or the other, and he decided to throw in his lot with Mr D'Oyly Carte. No doubt this was a matter for regret to Mr Gilbert, but of actual quarrel there was none. We say this with the authority of both Sir Arthur and Mr Gilbert. They dissolved partnership, and there was an end of it.

The Savoy Theatre was now to pass through various vicissitudes of fortune. Other composers and other librettists were tried without very satisfactory results. Then Sullivan collaborated with Mr Sydney Grundy in "Haddon Hall," a work of the romantic drama order, which achieved only a moderate measure of success. In the following year it became known that the "Heavenly Twins" of comic opera had again joined forces and there was eager anticipation on the part of the public as to the result. "Utopia, Limited," however, proved disappointing, although it met with an enthusiastic first-night reception. There was a whisper that certain distinguished personages were not altogether pleased with its satire on the Grand-Ducal Courts, and the faithful imitation of the procedure at a royal Drawing-room.

Yet once again the old collaborators were to work together. After a revised

and elaborated version of Burnand's "book" "The Contrabandista," under the title of "The Chieftain" had been tried, "The Grand Duke" was produced on March 7, 1896; but it did not find Mr Gilbert in his happiest vein, although musically it fully maintained Sir Arthur's reputation. And here is to be noticed again the obvious desire of the composer to attain a higher degree of lyrical excellence, and orchestral workmanship more thoroughly in accordance with the spirit of what is known in France as *opera comique*. Indeed, one is conscious of an upward tendency in style from the days of "Iolanthe," and this found its highest expression in "The Beauty Stone." Before, however, taking leave of "The Grand Duke," attention must be directed to the beautiful introduction and Wedding Chorus which begins the second act.

With this work terminated the partnership which, with the exception of one

break, had existed for twenty-five years. What its results were, what its effect on manners was, only those know who were in touch with the social life of the eighties. Our lyrical stage was made purer, brighter and more amusing than it had ever been in all its history. Gilbert's epigrams and witty sayings became a part of the vernacular of the day, and the passion for Sullivan's music was so general that it seemed as though the street pianofortes were made for no other purpose than to reproduce the merry tunes, whose coming killed the banalities which for so long had passed muster with amateurs. But fashion moves swiftly, and already the gold of yesterday is passed by for meretricious ornaments of little value.

With the coming of Mr Arthur W. Pinero and Mr J. Comyns Carr there entered a new element in the composition of Savoy opera. They had been selected by Mr D'Oyly Carte to write

a libretto, and "The Beauty Stone" was the result of their joint efforts. It contained some most exquisite music—the cripple girl's prayer to the Virgin, for example—but that failed to insure it a success out of the common.

His next librettist was Captain Basil Hood, and "The Rose of Persia" was practically his swan-song in comic opera, and never sang he more sweetly or with greater refinement of utterance. As one reads and re-reads the score, its precise and delicate beauties become more apparent. The quaint Oriental touch is not the least of its many charms, and in none of his operas has he given us more eloquent proofs of pure musicianship and perfect technique.

That a partnership so auspiciously begun would continue there was no doubt, and "The Emerad Isle" was planned. A few numbers were completed, and several others sketched out, but the pen

had to be laid aside in obedience to the summons of the Great Messenger, and to another was entrusted the pathetic duty of completing the work of the dead master. The choice fell upon Mr Edward German, who discharged his delicate mission with such a sympathetic appreciation of Sullivan's intentions that he won the approbation of all, and opened out for himself another avenue of distinction. In the work which Sullivan did, however, he is quite himself in melodic inspiration, fertility of invention, and finished workmanship.

Professor Bunn's song, in which he narrates the legend of the fairies of Carrig-Cleena to the soldiers, with its plaintive melodious refrain, represents Sullivan in his most attractive mood, and the pity of it is that he did not live to orchestrate it. In the two numbers he completed, the opening chorus, and the tenor air, "Brien Boru," with chorus,

Alfred Ellis.]

MR. RUTLAND
BARRINGTON
in
"The Mikado."

Elliott & Fry.]

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH,
SENR.,
as the Judge in "Trial by Jury."

there is no sign of decaying power, no evidence of diminished ability, no suggestion that he had outlived the freshness of his ideas, and had to seek inspiration from bygone works.

Sullivan's contribution to "The Emerald Isle" consisted in all of the two opening numbers, thirteen others, and the whole of the finale to the first act. We cannot but sincerely regret that he did not add the finishing touches to these pieces, as it was in his orchestration that Sullivan mainly brought to play that fanciful gift which was one of his most valuable qualities. We may take it, therefore, that we were denied many suggestive little touches of humour and many quaint points of expression. It was well, however, that Mr German did his work with such self-restraint, and that he left the imagination to fill in as best it could those distinctive traits which were Sullivan's own.

CHAPTER IX

THE OFFENBACH FALLACY

"THIS epithet, 'The English Offenbach,' was first given me in a burst of ill-natured spleen by G. A. Macfarren, and he used it in his article on 'Music' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' produced by the *Times*. It was never used as a compliment, and only employed by Macfarren and his satellites at the time of the row about the National Training School and the Royal Academy."

These words were written to me by Sir Arthur in the autumn of 1899, and we may therefore conclude he smarted under the injustice of the epithet to the end. We give Macfarren's judgment on Offenbach as it is recorded in the judicial style

imperatively demanded in a work of such pretensions as the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—a work supposed to be above party bias and incapable of personal feeling :—

"A new species of composition has sprung into being within these thirty years. . . . It may be described as burlesque, sometimes of stories that have held mankind's respect for ages, sometimes of modern social absurdities, but having the ridiculous for its main quality, and extravagant in every essential. It consists of an intermingling of lightest and most frivolous music with spoken dialogue, and depends as much on its literary sprightliness as on its musical tunefulness for success. He (Offenbach) is represented in England by Sir Arthur Sullivan."

Was ever a more unjust criticism perpetrated on a man's work? Had Macfarren's depreciation of his successful contemporary's music appeared in an ephemeral

publication, it might have been allowed to pass unnoticed, but as it stands unchallenged in the representative reference work of the country, the libel must be nailed to the counter. Not for the benefit of those who are well able to make a fair comparison between the two composers, but for the sake of the unthinking who are so easily captured by a catch phrase.

Neither in conception nor treatment is there any similarity in the works of the two composers. Let the reader recall any of the once popular airs of Offenbach and compare them with Sullivan's. Take one of Offenbach's latest—for example, "I am an artless thing," the air which used to be sung with such piquant effect by Miss Florence St John in "Madame Favart" —and place it by the side of "The sun whose rays" in "The Mikado." The spirit of the melody is entirely different, and a single glance at the score will show how infinitely superior is the workmanship

of "The English Offenbach" to that of his alleged prototype. It would be unjust to deny the French composer an extraordinary melodic felicity, and the ready manner in which the French and English public received his music may be largely accountable for the flippancy of his style and the superficiality of his instrumentation.

The refinement of style which is noticeable in "The Tempest" music is characteristic of the whole of Sullivan's compositions. The year that "The Pirates of Penzance" was presented at the Opera Comique was the year of the production of "The Martyr of Antioch" at the Leeds Festival. "The Golden Legend" came immediately upon the heels of "The Mikado," and the *Te Deum* for St Paul's Cathedral Thanksgiving Service went hand-in-hand with "The Emerald Isle." Can it be imagined for a moment that a composer who was

endeavouring to maintain the high quality of his art in all its integrity would be guilty of such inconsistency as to destroy the reputation with the one hand which he was building up with the other? A comparison of the scores of his comic opares with those of his cantatas will show any competent judge that Sullivan took the same loving care with the one that he did with the other. His nature was so eminently refined that he shuddered at a vulgarism, and his knowledge of music was so profound that he never strayed from the direct path of beauty.

Since the date of Macfarren's contribution to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," there have been several editions of the work, and there was ample opportunity for the writer to have reconsidered and revised his judgment. That such was not done indicates the mountainous obstacle which prejudice raises in the mind, and

how it effectively warps the opinion of the envious man.

Sullivan has his counterpart among French composers, but he is to be found in a higher sphere than that inhabited by Offenbach. We have pointed out already the inartistic quality of the musical entertainment of the Metropolis at the time when Sullivan came before the public with "Cox and Box." There was next to nothing in the form of native art, and Offenbach and Lecocq were but just looming on the horizon. London was in the position of Paris at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and what Boïeldieu and Auber did for *opera comique* in France, Sullivan did for comic opera in England—that is, he elevated it into a refined and artistic form of amusement. Had Sullivan been compared to Auber, there would have been some appropriateness and meaning in the title. He was as distinctly English as Auber was French in his

methods. Each poured out his music according to impulses governed by temperament.

Sullivan's style in the main is a modernised form of the English music of the seventeenth century. The folk-songs of the country were the direct inspiration of his ballads, and his concerted music has its paternity in the motets and madrigals of such characteristic composers as Byrd, Morley, and Gibbons. He picked up the broken skein of English traditions and skilfully adapted it to new purposes. Such operatic composers as we had produced faithfully followed in the wake of the Italian masters. Sullivan, either by design or accident, pressed into the service of the theatre the style of music most familiar and best understood by the people. This, combined with the saving grace of humour and a marvellous power of adapting certain means to a given end, gave the Savoy operas a popularity and

native distinction which have been attained by no others. It is doubtful if we, or those who follow us, will witness another such unique achievement.

Sullivan began with a success, and success attended him throughout. Most satisfactory is it to reflect that he never succumbed to the temptation to indulge in careless work. As he began he went on, and there is to be perceived a consistent striving for a higher ideal, an obvious desire to lead people on to appreciate and accept a form of musical entertainment that should have an affinity with grand opera and still be racy of the soil. He was undoubtedly working for the establishment of a national opera, and had Mr R. D'Oyly Carte's venture in that direction proved a success, we may rest assured that "Ivanhoe" would have had its successor.

CHAPTER X

THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA

IT is a very suggestive fact that in Mr Lawrence's "Life Story" of Sullivan no mention is made of "Ivanhoe," except in that section of the work which was entrusted to me. It is the more suggestive because, be it remembered, Mr Lawrence produced the book under the personal supervision of Sullivan himself. That Sullivan should have been silent on such an important episode in his career is truly remarkable. It was his most ambitious operatic effort, and owing to various circumstances it attracted more general attention than any other of his works. But he explains nothing as to his hopes or his disappointments. We may

conclude, therefore, that he felt deeply and acutely the collapse of an undertaking which had been heralded with such a flourish of trumpets by every newspaper in the kingdom.

Sullivan was an extremely reticent man in connection with his own work, and had a decided objection to be interviewed or to give forth dogmatic expressions of opinion through the medium of the Press. But there is no doubt that he saw in the building of the Royal Opera House in Shaftesbury Avenue a home for the higher form of lyric drama, and that he believed in the possibility of its winning for itself a place in the estimation of all lovers of music, equal to that of the Savoy Theatre, which at that time was a household word. Mention has been made in a preceding chapter of the upward tendency of Sullivan's work. A cynical critic might say that he was trying to make up in technical excellence for a possible

depreciation in the value of his melodic ideas, but, happily, up to the last moment in which he was strong enough to wield a pen, the fountain of his inspiration was as profuse and fresh as in the days of the pristine "Pinafore."

Sullivan had as high an appreciation of his art as any living composer, and he never lost sight of the lofty mission of music. Our public, however, had no education in grand opera. Only the more ardent amateurs—and their name was not legion—showed any enthusiasm with regard to chamber and orchestral music. Middle-class England was as ignorant of Beethoven as it was of Balzac. Haydn and Handel were the gods of such idolatry as it could spare for music. Its womenkind wallowed in the shallow puddle of ballad concerts, and its men-folk were just able to distinguish between the popular song of the day and the "Old Hundredth." So unused were they to

anything moderately good or novel in music, that "H.M.S. *Pinafore*" would have been a disastrous failure at the Opera Comique if the exuberant youth that attended the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden had not caught up its breezy strains and whistled them into popularity. It was by a "fluke" the good ship "Pinafore" was saved from foundering, and we shall never know—with the fate of "Ivanhoe" in front of us—how near we were to missing that wonderful series of comic operas which followed it at the Savoy.

With such material to work upon Sullivan recognised that a taste for better things was a matter of time, and that it could be imparted only by a gradual levelling-up process. With ten years' unprecedented success behind them, we may assume that he and Mr D'Oyly Carte considered the time ripe for the more ambitious venture. Paris had its Opera

Comique, an institution as distinct from grand opera as it was from opera-bouffe. It was not vain, therefore, to imagine that London, with its multi-million population and its myriad visitors, could support a form of opera of more elastic quality than that heard at Covent Garden, and yet of more serious import than that to be witnessed at the Savoy.

Looking back now, with a clear recollection of the production of "Ivanhoe," we are convinced that the time was not then out of place, that everything which could help forward the enterprise was strongly in evidence, and that nothing but the most profound misapprehension of the factors indispensable for success led to failure. And now that more than three decades have passed since the Royal English Opera House became the Palace Theatre of Varieties, we may well pause for a moment on the cause of its collapse and its influence on Sullivan's work.

Mr Carte made the mistake of trusting to one composer and his one opera for success. No opera house in the world is run on such lines. No masterpiece would stand the test of such an ordeal. A musical comedy will run hundreds of nights by virtue of its inanity, but a work that must be taken seriously and demands a certain concentration of the intellectual powers appeals to a much smaller public, and quickly exhausts its *clientéle*. That Sullivan was a name to conjure with was shown by the manner in which the public hastened to gratify its curiosity. But strong as he was, he was no Atlas. He could not support the world of national opera upon his shoulders. If, after the first flush of excitement had passed, Mr D'Oyly Carte had been ready with his repertory, with new works by leading British composers and a few old favourite operas by way of pandering to our love of the familiar, the seed sown at

that propitious period might have taken root and given us a golden harvest.

But it was not to be. "Ivanhoe" struggled on for a hundred nights or so, and then the house was shut. It re-opened after a short interval ; but its days were numbered, and Mr D'Oyly Carte, to rid himself of his costly white elephant, sold the Royal English Opera House, lock, stock, and barrel, to a syndicate with the late Sir Augustus Harris at its head, and the much-belauded home of English opera became the Palace Theatre of Varieties.

It is to be feared that "Ivanhoe," as a musical work, suffered through the excessive cordiality of friends who were blind to its faults, and to those captious critics who, with a brief experience of Bayreuth, measured its merits by the Wagnerian bushel. Neither viewed it from the plane on which it really rested, nor from the standpoint of the class to which it rightfully belonged. "Ivanhoe"

was described on the playbill as "a romantic opera," but it was discussed and criticised as grand opera. Had there been less injudicious admiration on the one side and more discriminating praise on the other, the public of to-day would be in a much better position to estimate fairly the value of Sullivan's work, and to give it its proper place in the musical literature of the country.

"Ivanhoe" is not grand opera. It is equivalent to the class of piece one sees at the Paris Opera Comique. This is not depreciating Sullivan's talent nor belittling "Ivanhoe." It has been well said that "what most reasonable judges require of an artist, especially an imaginative artist, is not that it—that is, his work—should conform to their standard, but that it should be good of its kind, and that the kind should be personal to himself." Apply that principle to "Ivanhoe," and it will be admitted that it is good "romantic

opera," and personal to the composer. The chief defects of "Ivanhoe" were not of the music, but of the drama. It was overloaded with elaborate and complicated scenery, and the hero, Wilfrid, Knight of Ivanhoe, instead of maintaining his position as a commanding and dominating person, was kept too much in the background of the story. He was not seen during the whole of the second act. He lay, a wounded man and inactive, "like a palsied monk," through the stirring episode of the assault and burning of Torquilstone Castle, and he took but an insignificant part in the remainder of the drama. The centre of interest was continually shifting, the mind remained steadfast to nothing long, and that is almost as fatal to an opera as it is to a play. Sullivan in after years recognised these drawbacks, and had it in mind to reconstruct certain scenes and give the "book" more cohesion.

The music of "Ivanhoe" is as Sullivanesque as any of the Savoy operas. It is as personal to himself as "The Golden Legend." His exquisite vein of melody is well displayed in such numbers as Rebecca's song in Act III: "Ah, would that thou and I might lead our sheep!" with its delicate pastoral accompaniment, and her beautiful prayer, "Lord of our chosen race." The Templar's love-song in the second scene of Act II, "Woo thou thy snowflake," is the best example of passionate utterance that Sullivan has given us, and for dramatic force and intensity the great duet which ends the act is unsurpassed in the whole range of English opera. The vocal part-writing is comparatively simple, but that in no way detracts from its charm, while the instrumentation is at all times as appropriate as it is scholarly. Some of the lyrics are heard occasionally in the concert-room, but

"Ivanhoe" seems doomed to be best remembered by Friar Tuck's ear-tickling ballad, "Ho, Jolly Jenkin."

Enough has been said concerning Sullivan's most ambitious operatic work to show that the collapse of the English Opera House was due to causes over which the composer had little or no control, and the pity of it is that among the disasters for which it is responsible is the abandonment by Sullivan of his aspirations in the direction of grand opera. "Ivanhoe" brought him no pecuniary reward, and only such glory as belongs to a *succès d'estime*. He felt deeply the failure of the enterprise, because he was keenly patriotic in his instincts, and his chief desire was to make British music popular in the eyes of the multitude and honoured in its own country.

CHAPTER XI

SONGS AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

AT the time Sullivan entered the arena of musical life the country was, as we have pointed out, singularly destitute of composers who combined erudition with the art of successfully appealing to the popular taste. After the death of Sir Henry Bishop the output of new songs showed a marked falling off in quality and originality. Sickly sentimentalism and banal melody were the chief characteristics of the mid-century ballad, and even in circles which had a sincere or pretended admiration for high-class instrumental music these puerile compositions found ready acceptance. Words devoid of sense were allied

to melodies lacking every essential of good music ; nevertheless, they were nightly warbled in " genteel " drawing-rooms, by mawkish young ladies to whom the local curate was a veritable *preux chevalier*.

The advent of Sullivan did not eradicate the pest, but it did much towards elevating the taste of the public. We are a ballad-loving nation, and not a little unmitigated rubbish still finds its way into the hands of amateurs to be regarded by them as genuine material ; but the standard of taste among the middle and upper classes showed a visible improvement during the time Sullivan was engaged in lyrical composition. His songs had a genuine English ring about them, and combined the melodic grace of the old school with the finish and refinement of modern workmanship. That they vary in point of merit is merely to admit that Sullivan was human. Most of them were written

at the period of his career when he was constantly faced with the familiar problem of making both ends meet. When he reached the Golconda of comic opera, his output of detached songs practically ceased, although during the early part of the year in which he died he was preparing a series for publication, but only two of them have been heard, "O Swallow, Swallow" and "Tears, Idle Tears."

Among the songs which possess the most original and musicianly charm are his setting of Tennyson's "The Window, or the Loves of the Wren," a cycle of twelve songs, "O Fair Dove" and "Orpheus with his Lute." Many of his songs hold their place on the concert platform, and "The Lost Chord" is as popular as when it was first written. It is the fashion among quidnuncs to decry this song, and possibly they may be right; but the fact remains that it has gone straight to the heart of a great nation,

and this it could not have done unless it throbbed with the life-blood of living humanity. "The Lost Chord" was composed while Sullivan was watching by the bedside of his dying brother. We can imagine how in the solemn stillness of the night-watches Adelaide Procter's words appealed to his sensitive nature, and with what emotional ardour he gave them their musical value.

In an entirely different category, but interesting as showing how Sullivan could adapt himself to the spirit of the moment, is his setting of Rudyard Kipling's "The Absent-Minded Beggar." This was a song written for "the man in the street," but certain critics, in whose eyes Sullivan could do no right, took serious objection to it on account of what they called its vulgarity. In the postcript to a letter, he wrote: "I am glad you appreciate the spirit in which 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' is written. I have no doubt

that the 'Academicals' turn up their noses at it. They don't like a tune that the people can sing."

In his songs there is the same careful attention to musicianly details, the same aptitude for arriving at appropriateness of expression, which are to be observed in his more ambitious work, and there is not one among them unworthy of his reputation. They number more than a hundred and they were mostly composed during the first twenty years of his professional life. When Sullivan entered upon his comic opera period, his lyrical fancy found ample employment in those works, and as there was no longer any pecuniary necessity for their composition, he abandoned the pursuit of royalty song-writing.

Considering that Sullivan made such a propitious beginning with his "Irish Symphony," and displayed such uncommon power in the "In Memoriam" overture, it is rather surprising, and not a

little disappointing, that his ambition did not lead him to cultivate with more assiduity and enthusiasm the symphonic form of composition. His "Marmion" overture, composed for the Philharmonic Society in 1867, is romantic in spirit, after the manner of Weber, and should be better known. For some reason or other, however, Sullivan appeared to entertain an objection to publishing his orchestral works.

The "Overture di Ballo," produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1870, is his most popular, as well as being his brightest, instrumental work. Its vivacity and grace recall Auber at his best. Less familiar to the public, but most nobly conceived, is the prelude to the second part of "The Light of the World." Its elevation of thought and dignity of workmanship make it strictly in keeping with the sublime theme which it illustrates, and its solemn beauty is

enhanced by the rich fulness of the organ, whose eloquent tones ring with such celestial clearness in its final section.

The "Macbeth" overture, which, with the incidental music, was composed for Sir Henry Irving's production of the Shakesperian tragedy at the Lyceum Theatre, in 1888, is the greatest example of his powers as a writer for the orchestra. It touches a resonant dramatic note, it is fired with the picturesque element suggested by the tragedy, and it is more in keeping with the spirit of modern tone-colouring than any other of his instrumental works.

Excellent incidental music was composed for "Henry VIII" and Augustin Daly's production of Lord Tennyson's "The Foresters," and, with the unerring instinct which characterises all his work, he succeeded in catching and reproducing that indefinable quality which is commonly known as atmosphere. In the very

early period of his career, Sullivan wrote a ballet, "L'Ile Enchantée," for Covent Garden, and he was tempted to essay that form of composition by the directorate of the Alhambra Theatre, who wished for a ballet of a national description in honour of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897. "Victoria and Merrie England" was a delightful imitation of old-time music, and illustrated Sullivan's aptitude for reproducing the form and spirit of our early composers. It also abounded with characteristic touches, and among the numbers which will attract the attention of the musician is a fugue most cleverly and humorously arranged as a comic dance. The equally clever manner in which he combined the representative airs of England, Ireland, and Scotland will also have points of interest for the admirer of contrapuntal writing.

It is curious to note that, without any direct official recognition, Sullivan

practically became the musical laureate of the nation. Two orchestral works were specially composed in honour of the arrival and marriage of the Princess Alexandra to him who is now King Edward VII. When the late Queen laid the foundation-stone of the Imperial Institute in 1887, he was commissioned to compose the music for the inaugural ode to the words of Sir W. Morris ; and when Her Majesty opened that institution in 1893, it was Sullivan who supplied the "Imperial March."

There was also the cantata "On Shore and Sea," produced at the Albert Hall, and composed for the Exhibition of 1871. Occasional pieces such as these seldom reach the high-water mark of achievement, and are considered sufficient for the day for which they were written. But Sullivan's pleasing gift never deserted him, and in these works he does himself justice without adding to his reputation.

CHAPTER XII

SULLIVAN AS CONDUCTOR

IT will be remembered that, a few months before leaving Leipzig, Sullivan wrote, in a letter to his mother : " My great hobby is still conducting. I have been told by many of the masters here that I was born to be a conductor." To the youthful musician there is ever something peculiarly attractive in controlling an orchestra. Apart from the feeling of command and the sense of power it gives, there is the keen artistic pleasure to be derived from intimate association with the interpretation and direction of the works of the great masters.

Sullivan's first appointment as conductor was in 1873, at the newly-opened

Westminster Aquarium, which began with some serious pretensions in the way of art entertainment. The Brothers Gatti engaged him as conductor-in-chief in 1878 and 1879 for their autumn series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden. More important, however, was his appointment, in 1875, as conductor of the Choral Union Orchestral Concerts at Glasgow. It will be a sufficient indication of the success he achieved in the Scottish centre of commerce, if we reproduce an extract from an article of the time in one of the leading papers :—

"The committee have acted wisely in gaining the services of a conductor of Mr Sullivan's reputation and position. England has produced but few musicians whose names are likely to live. That Mr Sullivan belongs to this small number he has given us strong reason to hope. We do not know how far a recent statement, that his name is a universal drawing-room

favourite, may be gratifying to a composer of high and earnest aspirations; but we are quite certain that work of another sort ought to occupy Mr Sullivan, and that the accomplishment of really great things in his art must be to him simply a matter of choice. The very first essential for a good orchestral conductor is that of perfect familiarity with his music, and this Mr Sullivan's training and experience have, of course, insured. The orchestra is, in the main, the same as that of last season, yet last night it was often difficult to believe this. . . . the result was in every way such a complete expression of the composer's intentions."

His work in Glasgow proved a good preparation for the more responsible position which he was to fill with such distinction at Leeds.

It was in the December of 1879 that Arthur Sullivan's name came before the Festival Executive Committee. Sir

Michael Costa, who had conducted the two previous Festivals, did not, it appears, show sufficient appreciation of the knowledge and importance of the merchant musicians of Leeds, and a section of the committee was desirous of making a change. Another name before them was that of the late Sir Charles Hallé. Differences of opinion, however, stood in the way of either of these gentlemen accepting the position, and accordingly it was offered to Sullivan, who agreed to undertake the duties for the sum of £200. The appointment created a considerable amount of comment, but the general opinion was fairly represented by the subjoined extract from a local paper :—

"I am delighted to know that the Leeds Festival Committee have succeeded in securing the services of Mr Arthur Sullivan as their conductor. Though a comparatively young man, being only thirty-eight, Mr Sullivan has proved himself

to be a composer of the highest merit in every class of music except 'grand opera.' Oratorios, symphonies, overtures, illustrative Shakespeare music, songs, Church music, and operettas—in all these the name of Sullivan has for some time been prominent.

"As a conductor he is regarded by those who have watched his career as possessing great ability—albeit, he is quiet and unobtrusive in the orchestra. No gymnastic exercises, no stamping of the feet, no loudly expressed directions, will he indulge in on the orchestra. All necessary instructions are given by him at the rehearsal. And this is as it should be. Against Mr Sullivan, I hear, were pitted Sir Michael Costa and Mr Charles Hallé, and many members of the Festival Committee were dubious as to the wisdom of the proposed change. There is one point, however, in the election of Mr Sullivan about which I am particularly pleased. It

is the fact that for an *English* Festival we are to have an *English* conductor. Too long have we in this country bowed down to foreign talent, even when it has been far inferior to English talent. On the selection of an Englishman over Costa and Hallé as conductor an admirer of "Pinafore" sent me the following from that work, slightly altered :—

"'We might have had a Russian, a French, or
Turk, or Prussian,
Or else I-ta-li-an.
But in spite of all temptations to go to other
nations,
We select an *Englishman*.'"

The writer—who I have since learnt was Mr. F. R. Spark—showed a keen appreciation and knowledge of Sullivan's style and merits as a conductor. Few men obtained better effects by less obvious means. The habit he had of stooping over the score gave the casual observer the impression that his attention was wholly engrossed by the music, and

that the instrumentalists succeeded in producing good effects more by reason of their judgment than through the skill of the conductor. But that undemonstrative figure was in reality as alert and watchful as the proverbial weasel. His sensitive ear was alive to the faintest sound ; his eyes were all over the orchestra. The players knew him and a single look from him expressed to them more than all the contortions of the modern melodramatic conductor. He understood every instrument in the orchestra, and had such a lucid method of expressing himself at rehearsal that a few words quietly spoken would always secure him the end he had in view. His beat was quiet, but firm as a rock, and clear cut as the polished crystal. He was never known to lose his head and no conductor ever inspired more confidence or affection in those under him. That he knew his own powers and the futility of gymnastic displays is shown by

the following anecdote :—

" It was after the visit of Mr Barnby to rehearse a new work of his that some unfavourable comparisons were made, Barnby being a very vigorous user of the baton. These remarks reached Sir Arthur's ears, and were received with characteristic good humour. In fact, the conductor declared that at the next rehearsal he would show how he could benefit by criticism and ' beat time like a windmill ! ' And this he certainly did. His arms were upraised, thrown round in full swing and vigorously used, while he loudly stamped his feet and his eyes sparkled with fun. After the first chorus there were audible expressions of pleased surprise. ' By gow ! ' one singer was heard to say, ' Sullivan *has* improved!' and never after was a word heard about ' Sullivan's lethargy.' "

One other appointment Sullivan held as conductor, and that was for the Philharmonic Society, whose concerts he directed

during the seasons of 1885, 1886, and 1887 ; but on these it is unnecessary to dwell in detail. Enough has been said concerning his work and ability as a musical director. He proved himself efficient, if not great, and, after all, his fame rests on something infinitely finer and much more enduring.

CHAPTER XIII

DEATH

IT was late in the autumn of 1900 that rumours concerning Sullivan's ill-health found their way into the Press. Shortly afterwards he had to take to his bed, and on November 22 the sweetest singer of his generation was lost to the world.

The early part of the year Sullivan had spent at Monte Carlo, where his life was one of quiet routine and mild enjoyment. He would work throughout the afternoon, and, after a late dinner, would go to the Casino and indulge in a little play for an hour or so, and then retire to his hotel. He avoided all gaiety, and was content with the society of one or two friends.

The summer months he spent at

Walton-on-Thames, and there he devoted himself to composition with the energy and concentration for which he was ever remarkable. It would have been well had he remained at Walton until the approach of winter made it desirable for him to return to his London home. But he had a fancy to go to Switzerland, and there the mischief began which had so fatal a termination.

Grand scenery and Nature's loveliness possessed an irresistible fascination for Sullivan, and it was his delight to sit in the open in the evenings after dinner and pensively contemplate the wonders around him. It had been his habit in past years, and, so far as he saw, there was no obstacle in the way of his gratifying a favourite custom. He forgot, however, that age makes dangerous what youth can do with impunity. The night air was sweet and refreshing, but its breath proved poison to him. A troublesome cold was

followed by bronchitis, and as soon as he could travel with safety Sullivan returned home. All then might have been well, but on October 29 he exposed himself to a piercing wind in order to see the return of the City Imperial Volunteers. The bronchitis reappeared more acutely than before, and told its worst tale on a heart which, already weak, gave way under the strain imposed upon it. Between 6 and 7 A.M. on Thursday morning, November 22, he partook of a light breakfast, and there was nothing in his condition to alarm those attending him. At about half-past eight he partially raised himself in bed, and complained of a pain in his heart. His nephew placed his arms around him, and assistance was promptly forthcoming, but the Pale Messenger had arrived, and Sullivan, in obedience to his inexorable summons, passed peacefully away on the feast-day of St Cecilia.

The news of his death came with a

shock to the public, and fell cold on many a heart, not only in the country of his birth, but in lands divided from it by wasteless oceans. On every side expressions of sorrow were heard, and, as indicating the depth and breadth of his popularity, it may be mentioned in passing that an unkempt child in the street, on seeing the announcement of his death on the news bill, was heard to exclaim with bated breath, " That's him as wrote ' The Absent-Minded Beggar.' "

The genuineness of the public sorrow was to be seen on the day of the funeral. It was Sullivan's desire that he should be embalmed and laid by the side of his mother in Brompton Cemetery. Distinguished men, however, in his own profession expressed the wish that his remains should rest in our national mausoleum, and to their request the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's Cathedral acceded.

The funeral procession started from

Victoria Street at 11 A.M., on November 27, and all along the line of route stood the people in their thousands, bareheaded as the cortège passed, while flags were flying half-mast high.

The first part of the Burial Service took place in the chapel where the deceased composer began his career as a choir boy. The congregation of mourners consisted of men and women representing Society and Art in all its many-sidedness. As the casket was borne into the chapel, it was impossible to avoid thinking of those days when Sullivan himself had worn the gold and scarlet coat of a Chapel Royal chorister, and his sweet young voice had rung through the sacred edifice. Then the world and its honours lay before him, but we doubt if even in the most sanguine moments of impulsive boyhood he imagined the greatness that one day would be his, or that his bier would pass within those honoured walls amid the

silent demonstrations of a mourning people. The anthem "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," from his oratorio "The Light of the World," was beautifully sung, and the pathos of the music bathed many a face in tears and touched a tender spot in more than one loving heart. Another of the dead master's exquisite thoughts, "Wreaths for our graves the Lord has given," brought the service at the Chapel Royal to an end, and the procession passed on its way to St Paul's Cathedral, which was crowded with sympathetic spectators.

Clerical etiquette and cathedral dignity compelled the beginning of the Burial Service anew, and when the coffin had been lowered into the crypt there came the most poignant moment of the long ceremonial. Close to the open vault sat the members of the Savoy Opera Company, including his life-long friend, Mr Francois Cellier, who had been associated as chef d'orchestre with all his comic

operas, and after the Benediction had been given they sang in voices charged with emotion the touching chorus, "Brother, thou art gone before us," from "The Martyr of Antioch." The effect was quite remarkable, inasmuch as it was one of those incidents which come but rarely in a lifetime.

Sullivan rests near to William Boyce, and close by are the caskets of Dean Milman, Canon Liddon, and Sir John Millais. On one of the side walls of the cathedral is a memorial of the dead composer. It is a bas-relief in bronze, with a medallion portrait attached, which was placed there by the permission of the Dean and Chapter in November, 1902. There is a bust in bronze at the Royal Academy of Music, and one in marble at the Royal College of Music. The tribute to the memory of Sullivan most in the eye of the public stands on the Thames Embankment. It is a bust, on

the pedestal of which stands the figure of Grief, and on either side are representations in bronze of the masque of music and a guitar. The inscription is taken from "The Yeomen of the Guard" :—

> "Is life a boon?
> If so, it must befall
> That Death, whene'er he call,
> Must call too soon."

This bust, the work of Mr Goscombe John, A.R.A., occupies a position in the gardens immediately in the rear of the Savoy Theatre, and it was unveiled by H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, accompanied by His Grace the Duke of Argyll, in the presence of a large and distinguished assembly, on Friday July 10, 1903.

Thus lived and died Arthur Seymour Sullivan, a man on whose life's story those who knew him love to dwell with interest and affection. This modest record of his achievements is drawing to an end and

yet we would fain linger over a task that has been eminently grateful. He was but fifty-eight when he died, and physical suffering had been associated with all his best work. If however, there be music in the celestial sphere, then should his soul rest in smiling peacefulness for all eternity.

CHAPTER XIV

CHARACTER

IT was seldom that any person came into contact with Arthur Sullivan without being subject to the magnetic charm of his personality. His face impressed at once, because it was the outward indication of the sweetness of his nature. The wide but somewhat low forehead and the pallor of his complexion were relieved by eyes which were brimful of sensibility and radiant with quiet humour. They were of the lustrous depth of Southern darkness, and were unmistakably inherited from his mother, who in her turn owed them to her Italian forbears. In his prime there was a certain swarthiness in his appearance which suggested Oriental extraction, and

this was responsible for the opinion often expressed that Sullivan had Jewish blood in his veins. But, soft and mild as were his eyes, there was a straightforward look in them which indicated the resolution of the man, and this trait was enhanced by the strength of the nose and chin.

Though below the medium height, and with a figure inclined to corpulence, he carried with him a suggestion of dignity and power that were at once recognised. He had no cause to speak in strident tones to impress people with his innate greatness. His voice was musical and persuading, and he had a pleasing directness of speech which never failed to reach its mark. His personal charm was infinite, but it never verged on the feminine. Kindness was the keynote of his disposition and he was as ready with useful advice to the young beginners in his profession as he was with his purse to those

who had fought for honours and fallen by the wayside. His success put him above professional jealousy, and he had ever a good word for his friendly rivals. If there was one topic on which he was at all disposed to speak with a certain amount of irritation, it was when discussing the neglect of British music. Then he would sometimes lose the placid equanimity of his tone and bearing, but never on any question touching his individual interests. Long conversations we have held on many subjects closely affecting his career, and though at times a virtuous show of indignation would have been reasonable he never indulged in anything approaching passionate utterance, and one had to know him intimately to realise the depth of his feeling on personal matters.

It is not surprising that a man possessing so many gifts, and with a talent so generally recognised, should quickly become a welcome personage in the best

society of his day. His friendship with the Duke of Edinburgh, which began in his early years and lasted a lifetime, brought him into close association with other members of the Royal Family. Conspicuous among the wonderful display of floral tributes on the day of the funeral was the wreath of scarlet and white chrysanthemums from the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, with its simple but eloquent inscription of esteem and sorrow, "From Louise."

The Queen honoured him with a special "command" performance of "The Golden Legend" on May 8, 1888, at the Albert Hall, and, if we mistake not, it was the last time Her Majesty attended a public performance. The late German Emperor and his Consort, our own Princess Royal, favoured him with many marks of their esteem, and the present German Emperor was not lacking in his appreciation of Sullivan as a man and a composer.

With society at his feet, and surrounded by the highest in the land it would not have been surprising if Sullivan had affected airs of vulgar superiority ; but, to his credit, he remained always the same. He was as courteous and considerate to a girl in the Savoy chorus as he was to a patrician dame of Mayfair. As his position improved, so he rose with it, and took his place as to the manner born. For many years he enjoyed the revenue of a Prince, and he bestowed hospitality with a lavish hand. His drawing-room at Queen's Mansions contained valuable souvenirs from most of the crowned heads of Europe and people of European distinction.

As one thinks of this, one almost smiles at the vain mother who thought the young composer not good enough for her daughter to take in marriage, and whose skill in match-making eventually left the daughter very poor. It was the one serious love-affair of Sullivan's life.

Better, perhaps for him that he had had another, and had sacrificed something of the joys of existence *en garcon* for the more tranquil state of matrimony, with its many duties and weightier responsibilities.

If, however, he had no family obligations of his own, he took upon himself those of his dead brother, to whose children he stood in the light of a parent, and whose welfare was his dearest concern. The eldest of them, Herbert, was his constant companion in his later years, and to him he bequeathed his fortune.

Still more beautiful was Sullivan's devotion to his mother. In a roomy old Georgian house—Northumberland House—at Fulham his mother resided with her widowed daughter-in-law and children, and every Sunday when he was in town Arthur would drive down and spend a greater part of the day. Very frequently he was accompanied by friends, such as

the late Fred Clay and Alfred Cellier and then we would be entertained with many little humorous pleasantries on the pianoforte.

His mother was ever in his thoughts, and his letters were treasured by her with all the fondness and pride of a loving parent. She was a delightful *raconteur*, and had innumerable good anecdotes ; but her most prolific topic of conversation was her boy Arthur, and the listener who was sympathetic quickly won her regard. Never had a son a more adoring and devoted mother, and never had a mother a more tender and considerate son. He knew that she and his father had denied themselves many things during his youth to further his advancement, and that sacred debt he tried to discharge with true filial piety. Happily, she was spared to witness the public appreciation of his talent. Mrs Sullivan was buried in Brompton Cemetery on June 1, 1882,

and the Burial Service was beautifully read by her son's old friend and master, the Rev Thomas Helmore. Her death was a great blow to Sullivan, and her grave was among the last places he visited before his illness took its fatal turn.

CHAPTER XV

CONCLUSION

WE said in the opening chapter that we did not propose to put forward a dogmatic assertion as to the position which Sullivan would occupy in the eyes of posterity. History has shown us that men of great popularity in their time have lapsed into obscurity, and their work fallen into the abyss of oblivion. Only to the musical antiquary and student are they of interest in so far as they influenced the current musical thought of their day. With precedents and illustrations without number in our mind, we lack the assurance of the author of "English Music of the Nineteenth Century," who gave us to understand that his two favourite composers

would eventually be placed side by side with Bach and Beethoven.

In a book that was supposed to be a fair and impartial review of the musical progress of the nation during one of its most eventful centuries, and to which, unfortunately, reference may be made in the future—for the British Museum receives good and bad alike—the name of Sullivan is chiefly associated with his comic-opera music, and but passing mention is made of his orchestral work, or of that masterpiece of choral composition, "The Golden Legend." It is such obvious injustice that drives a writer who would be impartial into the extremes of zealous partizanship. If, therefore, I cross the line which divides the advocate from the judge, therein lies the extenuation of my fault, and I leave it to the judicious reader to separate the wheat from the chaff, and determine for himself where justice ends and favouritism begins.

Many years have elapsed since the death of Sullivan, and his work is still a signal factor in the musical world. All his good things have in them the breath of life, and their vitality is unimpaired. Since they were first heard other men have produced much, and most of it is forgotten. There has been ample time for forgetfulness in his case. But the present generation is not disposed to allow his music to fade away into the mists of the past, and it is not rash to assume that much of it will come to be regarded as the representative work of the Victorian era.

The characteristic features which made the art peculiarly national in the music of Purcell reappeared in the work of Sullivan. For two centuries we had practically lost our individuality, and such composers as were native-born were content to imitate and model their work upon that of the foreigner. Sullivan picked up

the broken skein, and brought into artistic relationship the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. He gathered together the traditions of the past, and made them the objective of the future, and this alone is sufficient to give him enduring fame. At all events it should win him the gratitude of posterity.

We do not presume to say he will speak with the same persuasive voice a century hence. But no composer ever more completely captured the affection of his fellow-countrymen. His music has the quality which goes straight to the heart. It requires no connoisseur to appreciate its beauty or estimate its worth. Truth and purity are virtues which have appealed to mankind in all ages, and they are conspicuous in Sullivan's music. The public were quick to realise that his work had something in it out of the common, but which they could not explain. They knew it differed from the popular tunes

of the day, that it gave them a unique measure of enjoyment ; but they could not analyse the cause of their pleasurable emotions, nor did they seek for subtle distinctions. They were content to bathe in the crystal stream of melody which flowed from his active brain for more than a quarter of a century, and in return they gave him a nation's love.

The captious and pedantic critic has said that, with his musical endowment, Sullivan should have devoted himself more to the abstract side of his art ; that, instead of comic operas, he should have given us symphonies, and instrumental quartettes in the place of drawing-room ballads. Those are objections which cannot be dismissed with contempt in estimating Sullivan's position among the great composers. A student of eighteen who could produce such music as " The Tempest " might well excite the fondest hopes of those stern-faced enthusiasts who

look upon art with the severity the Puritan of old regarded the Bible.

But man can only control his destiny to a limited extent. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will"; and it became Arthur Sullivan's mission to minister to the happiness of the greatest number, and to give distinction to a light form of art instead of gratifying the exacting desires of the comparative few. He might have gone on writing symphonies and quartettes his whole life through, and made his mark among the academicians; but would the final result have compensated us for the loss of that beautiful series of operas which are familiar to the whole world? It was not so easy to write those operas as the superficial critic might think. Many of the foremost composers of the day have tried to follow in his footsteps, but we cannot call to mind one that achieved exceptional success.

Sullivan never obscured his point by unnecessary instrumentation. He had the aptitude for fitting the right note to the word, and the instinct for adorning it with the most appropriate embellishment. He knew the danger of over-elaboration and diffuseness, and always chose the simpler means to serve his purpose. There is no superficial work in his operas; they are as perfect in their way as the most delicately cut diamond. Seldom has an artist ever more completely succeeded in achieving the difficult art of making art conceal art. Besides, there was for him no necessity to indulge in tumultuous instrumentation in order to conceal a paucity of thought and invention. His resources were too great. With his profound knowledge of the capabilities of the orchestra, and his intimate acquaintance with the works of the great masters, it is absurd to suppose that he could not

have produced as much sound and fury as Richard Strauss himself had he been so minded. It does not require a genius to pen palpitating discords or create an orchestral pandemonium.

Sullivan had a great admiration for Wagner, but in his imitators he was quick to detect their lack of inspiration and their clumsy efforts to make amends for creative deficiency by mechanical dexterity. Music is not made by rule of three, but is produced, as Socrates said of the poet's work, "under the influence of enthusiasm, like prophets and seers." With the ancients beauty in art was the first essential. To them "it was the tongue in the balance of expression." Sullivan realised that balance of expression in all his work. It is as conspicuous in his anthems as in his songs, in his operas as in his oratorios. It is the musician's and the poet's first duty to represent beauty. It is not given to us

all to recognise it when it confronts us, and to few is it given to produce it. Sullivan was the disciple of the Beautiful. By the mysterious lights which illumine the soul of inspired man he was able to preach its gospel to the world in tones that made a pointed appeal to the human heart. His language was spontaneous and clear, and, like all great language, it was easily understood of the people.

He made himself loved because he is associated with our happiest hours. He locked for us the doors of daily trouble, and took us into a veritable Rosamond's bower, filled with the sweetness of roses, where for a few hours the tired mind was charmed into smiles and cheery laughter. How, then, can we blame him for giving so much of his attention to the composition of comic opera ? Is there one among us who would wish " The Gondoliers " unwritten ? He might have followed up

his "Irish Symphony" with others of superior merit. He might have written a work that would have equalled in popularity Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony," and he might not. But the composer of "Cox and Box" was predestined to write "The Mikado," and we have the consolation of knowing that he did one thing superlatively well, that in this particular he is unrivalled among native composers; and if we had to judge Sullivan by his light operas alone, we should say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

But, as the reader may see for himself, there is a higher standpoint from which we may consider Sullivan's merits. Had he never written a comic opera, he would still be the greatest musician of his generation. Where, however, we have some ground for complaint is that Sullivan had the opportunity, if he had had the will, to give us more serious compositions

without interfering with his comic muse. But his social popularity was ever in his path and a constant interference with his work. The extraordinary success of his operas put him in possession of a magnificent income, and, so far as personal reputation and popularity went, he had as much of both as the heart of man could desire.

It is a regrettable fact, however, that from 1886 onward he made no important contribution to the more serious side of his art—that is, the art which lies apart from the theatre. We may dwell sadly and regretfully on the lost opportunities of life, but it is idle to pursue them with a speculative mind. Therefore we must judge Sullivan by what he did, and not by what he left undone. His record, from the point of view of manual labour alone, is an honourable one. When we remember the physical suffering which he endured for over thirty years, with

very few intervals of complete absence from pain, and the two long illnesses which brought him to the edge of the grave, we may well forgive what the austere critic might consider a dereliction of duty, and be thankful that he accomplished so much.

We have tried as far as possible to represent the form of Sullivan's life and work as it has impressed itself upon one who was in intimate touch with him for more than half a lifetime, who knew the goodness of his heart, the beauty of his life, and the nobility of his character. The man stands revealed in his music, and those whom it has charmed and cheered and comforted will be prepared to endorse the panegyric which we have passed upon Sullivan. Whether he was content with his life's work we do not know, but he never expressed himself as being discontented, and so therefore we may assume he was satisfied.

We cannot conclude better than by quoting from his Presidential Address to the members of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, as the passage so truthfully reflects the spirit and sincerity of the man: "Music has been my incessant occupation since I was eight years old. All my energies, all my affections, have been bestowed upon it; and it has for long been to me a second nature. The interests and triumphs of my art are dearer to me than other interests and triumphs can be. Music is to me a mistress in every sense of the word—a mistress whose commands I obey, whose smiles I love, whose wrongs move me as no others' do."

APPENDIX

COMPRISING A COMPLETE LIST OF
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S
WORK

OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC WORKS.

Title.	Description.	Librettist.	Place of Prod'ct'n	Date.	Publisher.	Form.
The Tempest.	Incidental Music.	—	Crystal Palace.	1862	Cramer afterwards Novello.	Vocal score (piano duet accomp). Full score.
L'Ile Enchantée.	Ballet.	—	Covent Garden.	1864	MS.	
The Contrabandista.	Comic opera.	F. C. Burnand.	St George's Hall.	1867	Boosey.	Vocal score and piano solo.
Cox and Box.	Comic. operetta.	—	Adelphi.	1867	,,	Vocal score.
Thespis.	Comic opera.	W. S. Gilbert.	Gaiety.	1871	MS.	
Merchant of Venice.	Incidental Music.	—	Prince's, Manchester.	1873	Cramer, afterwards Bosworth.	Piano duet, full score, and piano solo.
				1898		
Merry Wives of Windsor.	,,	—	Gaiety.	1874	MS.	
Trial by Jury.	Dramatic. cantata.	W. S. Gilbert.	Royalty.	1875	Chappell.	Vocal score.
The Zoo.	Comic opera.	B. C. Stephenson.	St James's.	1875	MS.	
The Sorcerer.	,,	W. S. Gilbert	Opera Comique.	1877	Metzler.	Vocal score and piano solo.
H.M.S. *Pinafore*,	,,	,,	,,	1878	,,	,,
Amor an Bord, German Version.					Litloff.	Vocal score and full score.
Henry VIII.	Incidental. music.	—	Theatre Royal, Manchester.	1878	Metzler.	Full score and piano score.

The Pirates of Penzance.	Comic opera.	W. S. Gilbert.	Opera Comique.	1880	Chappell.	Vocal score and piano solo.
Patience.	,,	,,	,,	1881	,,	,,
Iolanthe.	,,	,,	Savoy.	1882	,,	,,
Princess Ida.	,,	,,	,,	1884	,,	,,
The Mikado.	,,	,,	,,	1885	,,	,,
				1898	Bosworth.	Full score.
Ruddigore.	,,	,,	,,	1887	Chappell.	Vocal score and piano solo.
Macbeth.	Incidental Music.	,,	Lyceum.	1888	,,	,,
The Yeomen of the Guard.	Comic opera.	,,	,,	1888	,,	,,
The Gondoliers.	Romantic opera	J. Sturgis.	English Opera House.	1889	,,	,,
Ivanhoe.				1891	,,	,,
The Foresters.	Incidental Music.	—	Daly's, N. Y.	1892	,,	Vocal score
Haddon Hall.	Comic opera.	S. Grundy.	Savoy.	1892	,,	Vocal score and piano solo.
Utopia.	,,	W. S. Gilbert.	,,	1893	,,	,,
The Chieftain (enlarged version of the Contrabandista).	,,	F. C. Burnand.	,,	1894	Boosey.	,,
King Arthur	Incidental Music.	—	Lyceum.	1894	MS.	
The Grand Duke.	Comic opera.	W. S. Gilbert.	Savoy.	1896	Chappell.	Piano solo.
Victoria.	Ballet.	—	Alhambra.	1897	Metzler.	
The Beauty Stone.	Romantic opera.	A. W. Pinero and Comyns Carr.	Savoy	1898	Chappell.	Vocal score and piano solo.
The Rose of Persia.	Comic opera.	Basil Hood	,,	1900	,,	,,
The Emerald Isle.	,,	,,	,,	1901	,,	,,

ORATORIOS, CANTATAS, AND OTHER ORCHESTRAL WORKS.

Title.	Description.	Librettist.	Place ofProd'ct'n	Date	Publisher	Form
Procession.	March.	—	—	1863	Cramer.	Piano solo and duet.
Princess of Wales'.	,,	—	—	,,	,,	Piano solo and duet.
Kenilworth.	Cantata.	H. J. Chorley	Birmingham.	1864	Chappell.	Vocal score.
The Sapphire Necklace.	Overture.	—	—	1864	MS.	
Symphony in E.	—	—	Crystal Palace	1866	MS.	
Concertino for Violoncello.	—	—	,,	1866	MS.	
In Memoriam.	Overture.	—	Norwich.	1866	Novello.	Full score, piano solo and duet.
Marmion.	,,	—	Philharmonic Society, London.	1867	MS.	
Di Ballo.	,,	—	Birmingham.	1870	MS.	
Additional accomps. to Handel's "Jephthah."	—	—	—	1869	MS.	
The Prodigal Son.	Oratorio.	—	Worcester.	1869	Boosey.	Vocal score.
On Shore and Sea.	Cantata.	Tom Taylor.	Albert Hall.	1871		

Festival Te Deum.	—	—	Crystal Palace. (For the recovery of the Prince of Wales.)	1872	Novello.	Full score and vocal score.
The Light of the World.	Oratorio.	—	Birmingham.	1873	Cramer.	Vocal score.
The Martyr of Antioch.	Sacred music drama.	Dean Milman.	Leeds.	1880	Chappell.	Full score and vocal score.
The Golden Legend.	Cantata.	Longfellow (Arranged by J. Bennett.)	,,	1886	Novello.	,,
Exhibition Ode.	—	Tennyson.	Albert Hall.	1886	,,	Vocal score.
Imperial Institute Ode.	—	Lewis Morris.	Imperial Institute. (Laying of foundation-stone by the Queen.)	1887	Chappell.	,,
Imperial March.	—	—	Imperial Institute (at the opening by the Queen.)	1893	,,	Piano solo.
Festival Te Deum.	—	—	St. Paul's Cathedral (Thanksgiving Service on the Declaration of Peace.)	1902	Novello.	Vocal score.

Movements from several of the above works are also published separately.

SERVICES, ANTHEMS, CAROLS, AND PART SONGS.

Title.	Description	Publisher	Date.
When Love and Beauty.	Madrigal.	Novello	1863 published 1898
O Love the Lord.	Anthem.	,,	1864
We have heard with our ears.	,,	,,	1865
Te Deum, Jubilate and Kyrie.	Service.	,,	1866 & 1872
The Rainy Day.	Part Song (S. A. J. B.)	,,	1867
O Hush Thee, My Babie.	,,	,,	,,
O Taste and See.	Anthem.	,,	1868
Rejoice in the Lord.	,,	Boosey	,,
Evening.	Part Song (S. A. J. B.)	Novello	,,
Joy to the Victor.	,,	,,	,,
Parting Gleams.	,,	,,	,,
Echoes.	,,	,,	,,
Song of Peace (from On Shore and Sea).	,,	Boosey.	,,
I Sing the Birth.	Sacred. Part Song (S. A. J. B.)	,,	,,
The Long Day Closes.	Part Song (S. A. J. B.)	Novello	,,
The Beleaguered.	,,	,,	,,
Sing, O Heavens.	Anthem.	Boosey.	1869
All this Night.	Carol.	Novello	1870
O God, Thou Art Worthy.	Anthem.	,,	1871
I Will Worship.	,,	Boosey.	,,
It came upon the Midnight.	Sacred Part Song (S. A. J. B.	,,	,,
Lead, Kindly Light.	,,	,,	,,
Through Sorrow's Path.	,,	,,	,,
Watchman, what of the Night?	,,	,,	,,
The Way is Long and Drear.	,,	,,	,,
Festival Te Deum (see Table B).	,,	,,	,,

SERVICES, ANTHEMS, CAROLS, AND PART SONGS—*Continued.*

Title.	Description	Publisher	Date
Turn Thee Again. Mercy and Truth.	Choruses adapted from Russian Church Music.	Boosey	1874
I Will Mention.	Anthem.	,,	1875
Upon the Snowclad Earth.	Carol.	Metzler.	1876
Hearken unto Me.	Anthem.	Novello.	1877
I will Sing of Thy Power.	,,	,,	,,
Turn Thy Face.	,,	,,	1878
Who is Like unto Thee ?	,,	,,	1883
Hark, what Means ?	Carol.	Patey Willis.	,,
Wreaths for our Graves.	Anthem.	Novello	1898

SONGS, ETC.

Name.	Publisher.	Date.
O Israel (Sacred)	Novello.	1855
Bride from the North	Cramer.	1863
I heard the Nightingale	Chappell.	,,
Arabian Love Song	,,	1866
Orpheus with his Lute	Metzler.	,,
O Mistress Mine	,,	,,
Sigh no more, Ladies	,,	,,
The Willow Song	,,	,,
Sweet Day, so Cool	,,	,,
Rosalind	,,	,,
Over the Roof (from The Sapphire Necklace)	Cramer.	,,
Thou art Lost to Me	Boosey.	,,
Will he Come ?	,,	,,
A Weary Lot is Thine	Chappell.	,,
If Doughty Deeds	,,	,,
She is not Fair to Outward View	Boosey.	,,
County Guy	Ashdown.	1867
The Maiden's Story	Chappell.	,,

SONGS, ETC.—*Continued.*

Name.	Publisher.	Date.
Give	Boosey,	1867
In the Summers Long Ago	Metzler.	,,
afterwards		
My Love beyond the Sea		
What does Little Birdie Say?	Ashdown.	,,
The Moon in Silent Brightness	Metzler.	1868
O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove	Ashdown.	,,
O Sweet and Fair	Boosey.	,,
I Wish to Tune my quiv'ring Lyre	,,	,,
The Snow lies White	,,	,,
The Mother's Dream	,,	,,
The Troubadour	,,	1869
Birds in the Night (from "Cox & Box," with different words)	,,	,,
Sad Memories	Metzler.	,,
Dove Song	Boosey.	,,
A Life that Lives for You	,,	1870
The Village Chimes	,,	,,
Looking Back	,,	,,
The Window; or the Loves of the Wren, a cycle of twelve songs	Strahan.	1871
Once Again	Boosey.	1872
Golden Days	,,	,,
None But I can Say	,,	,,
Guinevere	Cramer.	,,
The Sailor's Grave	,,	,,
The Maid of Arcadia (from Thespis)	,,	,,
There Sits a Bird	,,	1873
Looking Forward	Boosey.	,,
The Young Mother (three songs)		
The Days are Cold	Cramer.	,,
afterwards		
Little Darling, Sleep Again	Metzler.	1876
Ay Di Mi	Cramer.	1873
	Metzler.	1876
The First Departure	Cramer.	1873
afterwards		
The Chorister	Metzler.	1878
O Ma Charmante	Cramer.	1873
O Bella Mia (Italian version)		

SONGS, ETC.—*Continued.*

Name.	Publisher.	Date.
Sweet Dreamer	Cramer.	1873
Two songs in "The Miller and his Men": (drawing-room entertainment)	,,	,,
The Marquis de Mincepie Finale		
Nel Ciel Sereno ("Merchant of Venice").		
Venetian Serenade	Bosworth	1898
Sleep, my Love, Sleep	Boosey.	1874
Mary Morison	,,	,,
The Distant Shore	Chappell.	,,
Thou art Weary	,,	,,
My Dear and only Love	Boosey.	,,
Living Poems	,,	,,
Tender and True	Chappell.	,,
Christmas Bells at Sea	Novello.	1875
The Love that Loves me not	,,	,,
Love laid his Sleepless Head	Boosey.	,,
Let me Dream Again	,,	,,
Thou'rt Passing Hence	Chappell.	,,
Sweethearts	,,	,,
My Dearest Heart	Boosey.	1876
Sometimes	,,	1877
The Lost Chord	,,	,,
When Thou art Near	,,	1877
I Would I Were a King	,,	1878
King Henry's Song (from "Henry VIII")	Metzler.	,,
Morn, Happy Morn (trio) (the play "Olivia")	,,	,,
Old Love Letters	Boosey.	1879
St Agnes' Eve	,,	,,
Edward Gray	S. Lucas	1880
The Sisters (duet) originally published in the *Leisure Hour*	,,	1881
In the Twilight of our Love (from "Patience," with different words)	Chappell.	,,
A Shadow	Patey Willis.	1885
Ever	Chappell.	1887
You Sleep E tu Nol Sai (in the play of The "Profligate").	,,	1889
Bid me at Least	,,	1894
The Absent-Minded Beggar	*Daily Mail*	1899

HYMN TUNES.

Name.	Where first Published.	Publisher.	Date.
Hymn of the Homeland.	*Good Words.*	Strahan (afterwards Boosey).	1867
Thou God of Love.	Book of Praise Hymnal	Macmillan.	1868
Of Thy Love,	,, ,,	,,	1867
Mount Zion.	Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship.	Nisbet.	,,
Formosa (Falfield).	Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship.	,,	,,
St Nathaniel.	Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship.	,,	,,
The Strain Upraise.	Brown Borthwick's Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book	Novello.	1868
The Son of God.	Brown Borthwick's Supplemental Hymn and Tune Book.	,,	,,
Hymn of the Homeland.	—	Boosey.	,,
Gennesareth (Heber).	Sarum Hymnal.	—	1869
Onward, Christian Soldiers (St Gertrude), 476.	Musical Times	—	1871
Lacrymas, 222.	The Hymnary.	Novello.	1872
Lux Mundi, 225.	,,	,,	,,
Saviour, when in Dust, 249.	,,	,,	,,
Welcome, Happy Morning, 284.	,,	,,	,,
St Revin, 285.	,,	,,	,,
Safe Home, 507.	,,	,,	,,
Gentle Shepherd, 509.	,,	,,	,,
Angel Voices, 532.	,,	,,	,,
Propior Deo, 570.	,,	,,	,,

HYMN TUNES—*Continued.*

Name.	Where first Published	Publisher.	Date.
Venite (Rest), 597.	The Hymnary.	Novello.	1872
St Edmund, 646.	"	"	"
Christus, 496.	Ch. Hymns with Tunes	S.P.C.K.	1874
Cœna Domini, 207.	" "	"	"
Coronae, 354.	" "	"	"
Dulce sonans, 316.	" "	"	"
Ever Faithful, 414.	" "	"	"
Evelyn, 390	" "	"	"
Golden Sheaves 281.	" "	"	"
Hanford, 400.	" "	"	"
Holy City, 497.	" "	"	"
Hushed was the Evening Hymn, 572.	" "	"	"
Litany, 585.	" "	"	"
" 592.	" "	"	"
Paradise, 473.	" "	"	"
Pilgrimage, 367.	" "	"	"
Resurrexit, 132.	" "	"	"
St Francis, 220.	" "	"	"
St Luke, 257.	" "	"	"
Saints of God, 191.	" "	"	"
Ultor Omnipotens, 262.	" "	"	"
Valete, 30.	" "	"	"
Veni, Creator, 346.	" "	"	"
St Mary Magdalene, 494.	" "	"	"
Lux in Tenebris, 409.	" "	"	"
Lux Eoi, 67	" "	"	"
St Patrick, 144.	" "	"	"
St Theresa, 566.	" "	"	"

APPENDIX

HYMN TUNES—*Continued.*

Name.	Where first Published.	Publisher.	Date.
(Also seven tunes specially adapted or arranged.)	Ch. Hymns with Tunes	S.P.C.K.	1874
Dominion Hymn.		Chappell.	1880
Courage, Brother.	*Good Words.*	Strahan.	1882
O King of Kings (Bishopgarth).	Written by command for the Queen's Jubilee	Eyre and Spottiswoode, afterwards Novello.	1897

WORKS FOR PIANO.

Name.	Publisher.	Date.
Thoughts, two pieces for piano solo	Cramer.	1862
Afterwards published as		
Reverie in A	Phillips and Page.	
Melody in D		
The same arranged for piano and violin	Phillips and Page.	
Day Dreams, six pieces for piano solo	Boosey.	1867
Twilight	Chappell.	1868
Duo concertanto for piano and 'cello	Lamborn Cock.	

POSTHUMOUS SONGS.

Name.	Publisher.	Date.
O Swallow, Swallow	John Church Company	1900
Tears, Idle Tears		
To One in Paradise	Novello.	1904
Longing for Home	Novello.	1904
My Heart is Like a Silent Lute	Novello.	1904

William J. McKenzie, The Devonshire Press, Torquay.